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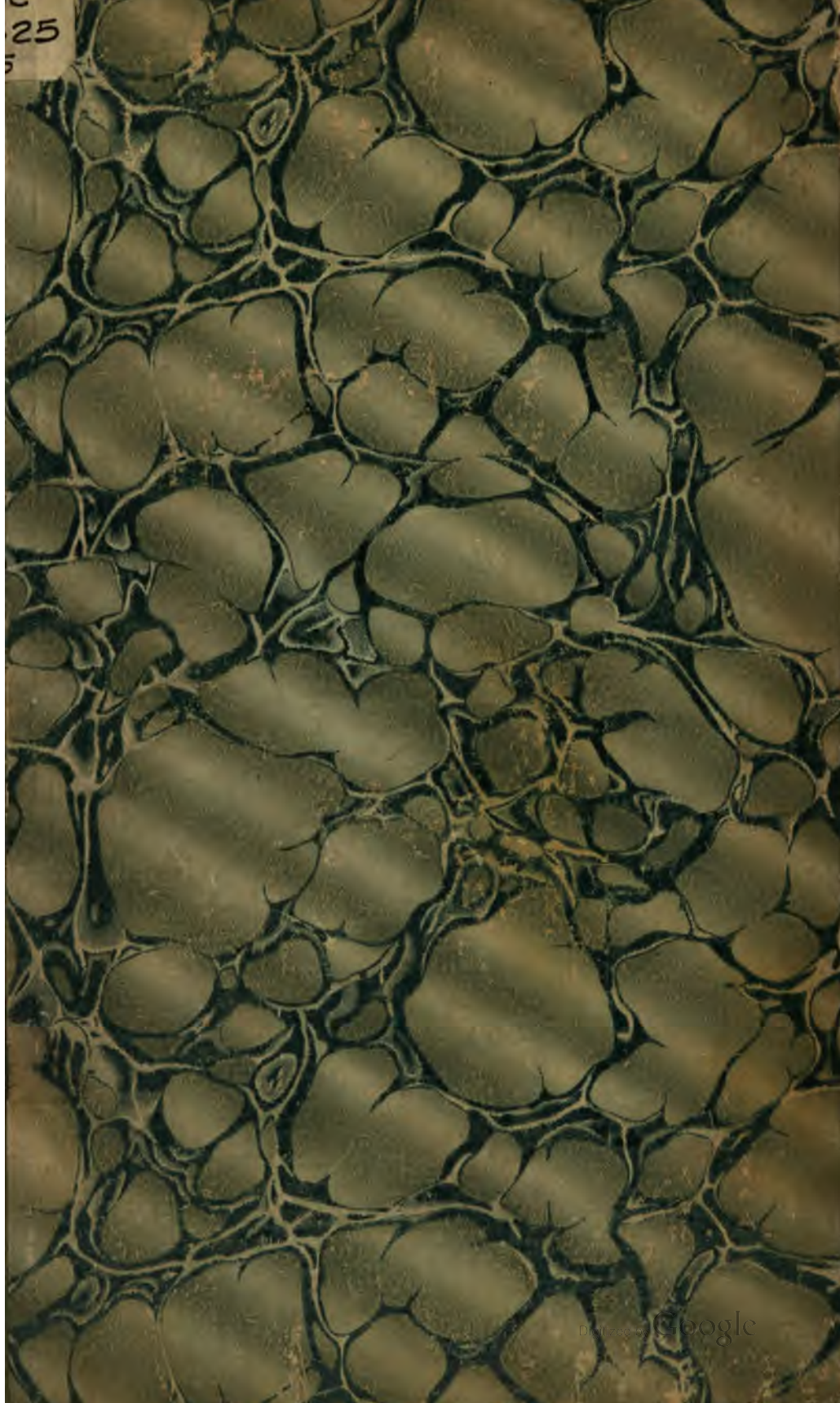
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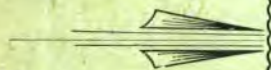






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*Historical . . . .*



# *Lights and Shadows*



IRA MARLATT  
THE  
PRISON DEMON



*Of the*

# *Ohio Penitentiary*

DAN J. MORGAN

SUPERINTENDENT  
OHIO PENITENTIARY SCHOOLS



HANN & ADAIR, PRINTERS, 108 N. HIGH ST., COLUMBUS, O.



HISTORICAL  
LIGHTS AND SHADOWS  
OF THE  
OHIO PENITENTIARY  
AND THE  
HORRORS OF THE DEATH TRAP

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ILLUSTRATED

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Heart-rending Scenes and Sad Wailings, as Wife  
Parts with Husband, and Weeping Children  
Kiss a Doomed Father for the  
Last Time.

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WORD SKETCHES FROM LIFE OF THE GREATEST  
PRISON IN THE WORLD.

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1899

BY DAN J. MORGAN,  
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**E. G. COFFIN, WARDEN**



# LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

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## — OF THE —

### OHIO STATE PENITENTIARY,

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With a Brief Life Sketch of the Most Noted Prisoners  
who are Confined in the Greatest Prison in the  
World—With a Population of 2400.

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### ITS BIRTH AND GROWTH.

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THAT the Ohio Penitentiary is the Great prison of the World, is now conceded, and that great institutions spring from very small beginnings, is a fact that confronts us. Only a short distance south of the present location of this world renowned prison, the original Ohio Penitentiary had its birth. Thirteen whipping posts surrounded by an old fashioned stockade such as was used in defense during the Indian troubles, with a few dilapidated little log shanties, also inside the stockade, constituted the only known prison, or place of punishment in our then wild Ohio.

Horrible stories are told about this primitive prison, where for supposed crimes at times, not only men, but women and children were brought there, stripped of their clothing, lashed to the cruel posts and whipped until their backs resembled "raw beef," then tied face downward on the cold ground, while shovels of hot ashes and coals of fire were sprinkled on the raw and bleeding flesh, until the smoke from the frying flesh could be seen curling over the top of the high puncheon walls.

It is also said, that not a few who were dragged into this horrible place of torment were never again seen on the outside. A grave yard near this locality, contains the mutilated remains of more than a score of these unfortunate victims, and to this day it is siated, unearthly groans, and maniacal

screams may at times be heard, and phantom lights are seen hovering over the resting place of the unconscious criminals in which can be traced the outlines of a skeleton company clothed in blood stained garments.

This prison as we said before, was of course, the best the early settlers could make, and was very rude and primitive.

With the rapid emigration, in the settlement of Ohio, crime was not left behind, and as time went on criminals became more numerous, and something had to be done to protect the pioneers in their effort to effect a settlement:

The whipping posts did not have the desired effect, and it was agreed upon to tear down the stockade, and build a prison wherein criminals could be confined, until at least they could be tried for their crimes.

Exactly on the same spot with an addition of a small tract of land, after tearing down the old rotten stockade and clearing out the few log cabins which were built on the inside, was the Old Penitentiary built. This was commenced about the year 1810, and was not completed until 1815. The first prisoners confined in this new prison was in August of this year, very few at first, but in time, as civilization (?) increased caused by a great foreign influx, the little O. P., almost groaned with its unhappy inmates.

It would make the boys smile who are now confined in our great prison, to know that the prisoners at that time "after their task," were permitted to play all kinds of athletic games such as "Round town," pitching horse-shoes, running foot races, and jumping. Their work or task as it was considered meant daily labor on the public roads with ball and chain fastened to a leg, so as to prevent them from escaping. Many has been the insult hurled at the disabled convict by passers by, and many curses followed the insolent citizen from the "gang" for thus kicking the unfortunate when already prostrate. This little "pen" which was only sixty by thirty-five feet, was in a very short time found to be much too small to hold the increased number of criminals that now almost daily found their way within its uninviting walls.

Every winter the General Assembly enacted many new laws and very materially changed many of the old criminal enactments. First a theft of ten dollars was considered grand larceny, punishable by imprisonment in the "Pen" from one to seven years. It was then changed to fifty dollars, and then again placed at thirty-five dollars.

"Special punishment" inflicted upon unruly and vicious prisoners at this time consisted of a literal starvation, as they were confined in dungeons and fed on a little bread and water

for weeks, denying them even the use of the "weed."

Corn-bread, beans and vegetables, made up the bill-of-fare in the prison at this time.

From the time this prison was built until the Legislature passed an act to build a new one and to remove it to the present locality, there were confined within its walls as prisoners 934. These men were at once put to work on the new structure, thus making a great saving to the state in the construction of the New Penitentiary.

It was at this time that the terrible cholera scourge visited this locality and on account of its ravaging and terrible onslaught on the prisoners, there was a suspension of all work for several months. It is said that convicts died so fast that from eight to ten were placed in a common grave, and that at times dead men had lain for days where they had fallen in the terrible clutches of the dread disease. Work was again renewed, and in October, what is now known as the "Old Blocks" of the prison were sufficiently completed to make the transfer from the old to the new Ohio Penitentiary.

Eighty-eight thousand, one hundred dollars and thirty-three cents was the bill sent by the Trustees to the State department for payment, there having been an immense saving besides by the employment of the prisoners in the work of construction. At this time this was considered an enormous sum of money to be paid by the State of Ohio and the old pioneers did some tall kicking about the taxes and recklessness of our State Rulers. This dissatisfaction was greatly mellowed however, after the first annual statement of the institution had been made public, when every body was agreeably surprised to find that the prisoners had earned for the state the nice sum of (\$43,000.) forty-three thousand dollars. Again the old pioneer farmers scratched their heads, and with knowing winks to their neighbors, declared that: "That tarnel prison shebang was'nt such a terrible thing after all."

From 1838 to 1841, the average amount per annum for running the prison was about (\$20,000.) twenty thousand dollars. This was at the time a Mr. Gault had charge of it, and at that time had charge of every department. He signed his name—Gault, K. O. P., which being interpreted means keeper of the Ohio prison.

In half a century we find that instead of requiring only (\$20,000.) twenty thousand dollars to pay the expenses of running the Ohio Penitentiary it now takes upwards of \$300,000, and with the addition of three new blocks added to this, we have the largest, best and most completely equipped prison in the world with a population of over twenty-four hundred



prisoners. First the prison inclosure did not exceed an acre of ground, now walls from 30 to 90 feet made of solid stone surrounds over twenty-six acres of ground, with a frontage on Spring street of over 800 feet. The walls are surmounted by twelve sentry boxes used by the guards during bad weather and at night. The Spring street frontage includes the entrances to the prison both public and private. Besides the public and private entrances, there are four heavy gates situated at east, west and at the intersection of the walls at south-east and south-west corners of the prison. Any one wishing to visit the prison turns in at the sign: "Public Entrance," thence on up the stone steps, turning to the left open a door and you find yourself in the large waiting room. Should you wish to go inside the prison, you step to the clerks' desk deposit 25 cents for which you will receive a ticket of admission. You then join the rest of the visitors, who are then shown through all parts of the prison by the visitors conductor. Should you wish to visit the female department you must buy another ticket for which you pay 10 cents, and you are again escorted by the conductor through this famous annex.

Do not speak to the prisoners nor meddle with any thing as you go on your prison sight seeing tour. Should you wish to see a prisoner, friend, or the Warden on other business, turn to the left of the clerks' desk open the door walk in and you confront the genial, kind and accommodating Warden E.G. Coffin. Should you wish to visit the Annex you will have to be either a relative or his lawful legal adviser. Before others the dark mysterious mantle of utter privacy will be dropped, and you can only see the outer walls enclosing the machinery that takes human lives, human sometimes, only in name. Should you be a visitor seeking to be admitted into the prison to satisfy your curiosity, I would ask you to pause in the guard room, where you will no doubt witness a scene that you will remember while life lasts. It is here that friends are permitted to meet; only to converse however through iron grates. You will see spectacles and scenes here that are calculated to make the Angels in Heaven weep.

Here sits a woman whose face tells you that she was once handsome, whose eyes would be beaming with pleasant memories and whose attire would be that of style and warmth, only for the crime of some loved one. If you look again you will see furrows surely wrought by some unnatural cause for she is not more than twenty years of age, furrows that seem to have a ruthless purpose of plowing the once rose bed of flesh into a field of woe and sorrow. How many hot streams

of bitter tears, that have formed a very river of wretchedness down the cheeks of this unfortunate relative, God alone can tell. Her eyes are filled with tears, and with an emaciated hand, while the blue lips quiver, she wipes the unbidden tell tales of sorrow away and again looks to see whether that dear loved one of hers has yet come to her. He comes at last, and with a cry of joy and delight, she clasps his cheeks between those trembling hands and lavishing a very shower of kisses upon his face she murmurs the name of brother.

If you tarry a little longer you will see a wife and four little children meet for the first time in more than a year the unfortunate husband and father.

It is no wonder you cover your face and weep. Yes, they have all seen better days; but a crime has been committed and the law, rigid and unpitying, seizes the husband and father and separates him from wife and children, causing more torture to the helpless ones than death could have accomplished. Their story is surely a harrowing one of want and ruin, and their lot is a bitter one indeed, but they must fight against the awful tide for four long and dreary years yet. Oh! God bless and protect the more than widow, and more than orphans indeed of our unfortunate criminals in the Ohio Penitentiary. Again we witness a heart rending scene: There is an old father, hair white as snow with trembling limbs and dimmed sight waiting to see an erring son, once the pride of his heart who falling into bad company was led downward in crime until he must now speak to him only through the grated window of the Penitentiary.

His crime was burglary, sent to prison for five long years. He meets his parent with a guilty expression on his once open countenance for it is the first time he has spoken to him since his imprisonment. The interview is a sad one and when the harsh words of the guard warns them that the interview must cease, a parting took place such as is sometimes witnessed when friends look through the glass covering of the coffin lid, and bid their cold, lifeless darlings an adieu that must be the last forever.

The aged father turns his face from his son, and meeting the writer, said: "Oh! God what have I done to bring such terrible visitation of Heavens displeasure upon me? Gladly would I have assisted in nailing him in his coffin, and covering him with clods in his grave—but oh! this is more than a living death; how can I endure it? How can I show my face with this awful disgrace hanging over me, digging its serpent tooth deep into my now bleeding heart; and how I loved him? When bright eyed, and light hearted, his laugh made the old

farm house seem a very paradise. Then wiping the tears from his eyes, and turning around to take a last look at his erring boy, he sighed oh! so sadly, and waving his palsied hand towards the spot where he had last pressed the hand of his convict son, he murmured the words: "Good bye dear George this will be the last time I will ever see you, good bye; and may God keep you ever, my poor erring boy." It was only the sad wailings of one of the hundreds of unhappy parents who visit their unfortunate children in the Ohio Penitentiary.

Reader, stop and meditate when you pass through the guard room watched over by that careful, vigilant guard Capt. Thrall, and remember that enough bitter tears have been shed in this room, to make Angels shudder for fallen humanity.

Here may be witnessed the parting kiss of husband and wife, of brother and sister, of mother and son; many times it is the last pressing of the hand, the last fervent kiss, the last good bye of the unfortunate prisoners. Hundreds see for the last time the black drapery of death drawing around them in the dreaded prison hospital, and fever parched, long again for the "Old oaken bucket that hangs in the well," at the old home stead, that they may only touch their lips to the pure cooling waters.

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## INSIDE THE WALLS.

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A QUEER, unnatural feeling takes possession of every one on first hearing the dismal click of the latch fastning the heavy doors after passing through them, when you realize for the first time that you are indeed surrounded by the cold walls of the Ohio Penitentiary. A damp, chilly atmosphere and a prison odor are the prevailing noticeable features, to attract the first attention of the visitor.

If you turn east when you enter the prison you find yourself in the "Old Hall" containing what is termed the A, B, C, and D blocks. These blocks being the first built are not nearly as commodious and roomy as others that have been constructed very recently. The cells in the A, B, C, and D blocks are very narrow and until very recently poorly ventilated. At the extreme east end of this hall is the terrible and awful annex and execution room.

You go through a door to your left and you find yourself in the prison kitchen and dining room.

It is by far the most extensive of any prison boarding house in the world, the dining room having a seating capacity for 1900 men, saying nothing of the special space occupied by the famous 'possum eater, Moses Allen, who with two dusky companions demolished a pyramid of the grinning animals on Thanksgiving day in the guards stand.

We now make our exit from the great dining room and climb the stairs, open a door to the right, enter and we uncover our heads for we stand before the crucifix. We are in the Catholic Chapel, which is also used in the evenings as a school room, of which more will be said further on. We ascend another flight of stairs, enter and find ourselves in the Hospital; rows of cots furnish this gloomy, uninviting hall, half of which are occupied by prisoners in almost every stage of disease that mortals are heir to; wounded, maimed and sick, all attended by kind nurses and skilled physicians, until they either get well and go again to the shop to resume their work, or as is often the case, send a loving message to loved ones, breathe a prayer for mercy, and closing their eyes in death, secure a freedom that otherwise could not be secured from any earthly power. Thus our great, loving Father in Heaven, with one ponderous stroke, severs the dreaded prison manacles, releasing a spirit that longed for rest. We tarry too long in the Hospital.

Up this next flight of steps and we enter the State Shop, where all the clothing, bed material, shoes, and indeed every thing worn by the prisoners are made. It is in this department that the tobacco for the prisoners is also manufactured.

The attractive little park of over two acres, which is crossed by nicely paved foot roads, and adorned by shrubbery, trees, and in the summer by beds of beautiful flowers, is the handiwork of skillful prison florists, and skilled workmen detailed for that purpose.

One of attractions of this little park is the fountain and miniature lake, on which used to ply the side wheel steamer, the property of Samuel D Miller, the Milton of the prison. It sprang a leak early in '92 and was drawn on the docks for repairs, where it still rests. It is said that many of convict Millers' deepest melodies were dreamed while watching his boat riding oh! so majestically, upon the lashing, angry waves of this little lake.

It was here that he, in speaking of a golden tress of hair that he possessed, taken from the head of his little daughter Della, when death closed her bright eyes for ever, said:

"I think of her, who faded from my sight,  
My darling Della, upon whose head so fair,  
This golden, shining tress, like sunshine bright,  
With many others, clustered lightly there,  
O! precious tress! from you sad memories spring,  
Memories dear, to which my heart so fondly clings."

In front of this fountain and lake you see the building that contains the Chapel, Deputy Warden's Office, Secretary's Office, Chaplains Office, Superintendent of Schools Office and Prison Library. Two thousand men can be comfortably seated in this immense auditorum. It is here that services are held every Sabbath by the Chaplain, at which services, at 10:30, a. m., every convict is required to be present. The prisoners are marched into the Chapel in companies by guards. After services they are marched to the dining room where they usually have an extra dinner.

Underneath the Chapel, is a cellar, the mere mention of which, horrifies the unruly prisoners. It is the place of punishment. Court is held here every morning except Sunday, and although it is generally an *ex parte* proceeding, sometimes a "boy" is in luck and is excused by the Deputy Warden who is judge of this curious court.

If the prisoner is found guilty, he is treated to a dish of "Humming Bird," electrically served on sponge, and an old fashioned spanking, or a dose of water with extra pressure.

It is said that a "Cuss-word" dictionary, almost equal in volume to the International, could be written down in this cellar, half the words having been coined for the occasion by "unfortunates."

It is sometimes referred to by some of the "boys" as a "Heaven above, but a hell beneath." Many a Deputy Warden has lost his religion during the week "down below," but would regain it on Sunday "up above." It is a fact worthy of the strictest consideration, that as time goes on less punishment is meted out in this damp, dark, hole. It is best anyway, at all times to let justice be tempered with as much mercy as can be given on all occasions, when necessary to enforce prison discipline. Better let a score of men escape, than punish one innocent man.

We leave this building now and look at the structure in the rear of the Church. It contains the Post-office, Superintendent of Constructions' Office, Barber Shop and Fire Department, that has thus far gallantly fought all the fire battles of the prison. It has a fire alarm so arranged that fourteen places in the prison can communicate directly with the department, thus saving very valuable time in case of fire in locating the burning district.

On the same square north east of the Church is the stand pipe 145 feet in height. This pipe furnishes the water for the prison.

It will be impossible in this little work to give the reader a clear insight into the workings of this enclosed city of manufactures.

It is divided into six wards, each containing several important prison industries. The first ward contains the greatest Wash House in the world, turning out thousands of washed and dried pieces of clothing daily, this is all accomplished by steam. The old grist mill that used to grind the wheat and corn now stands idle, it having been ascertained by experience that these articles could be bought already ground cheaper than to buy the grain. The Carpenter Shop and Slaughter House is in this ward. In the Slaughter House as high as seventeen head of cattle per day have been slaughtered to furnish meat for the kitchen. The very best stock is killed here.

Almost in the center of the prison yard and in the fourth ward you will see above the door of a large building "Idle House." If a man is too sick to work, and not sick enough to go to the hospital, he is put in the Idle House. Here you will also find a miscellaneous congregation, some new prisoners not yet assigned to a contract, the lame, the halt, the blind and the deaf; a very picture, when marching to the dining room of a veteran Invalid Corps.

The Gas House furnishes gas for the Penitentiary, the Insane and Blind Asylums and is situated at the north side of ward four. The work of manufacturing this enormous amount of gas is all done by prisoners, and saves the State hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The plant that furnishes Electric light for the prison is in the sixth ward, and the manufacturing establishments producing hundreds of tones of hardware, enameled ware, buggy findings, stoves, and a hundred other useful articles scattered over the six wards, are always running at full capacity.

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## THE PRISONERS LIFE.

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**T**HERE are three grades of prisoners in the penitentiary, first, second and third. It all depends on the conduct of the prisoner which of these classes he ranks in. When he enters



the prison he is supposed to be in the second grade. By good and upright conduct he wins the respect of the officers and rises to the first grade. He then gets credit for meritorious conduct, and stands a chance of getting the benefits of official favors which the "boys" prize so highly.

You will find this class, usually of that kind who are prisoners through misfortune, rather than viciousness.

Woe! woe, to the poor culprit who descends to the third grade. He is unhappy indeed, and with the dreaded and despised yellow and black stripes always reminding him of his disgrace, he is compelled to drag out a miserable existence with a ball and chain as his constant companion.

Much depends upon the disposition of the prisoner, as to whether or not he gets along well. Go into the shops where everything is noise and hurry, and you take in at a glance the difference between the sullen, sulky convict who hardly looks up from his task, and the jolly happy-go-lucky fellow. Although covered with dust, and perspiring at every pore, you will notice a quiet satisfied look in the jolly fellow's eye, while a very cloud of hatred and dissatisfaction mantles the brow of the morbid and ever ready chronic kicker.

Very few days pass but what some unfortunate prisoners first feast their wondering eyes on the ugly wall that will shut them out from the world during their sentence, and likewise, not a day scarcely passes but some fortunate (fortunate in pardon or parole or by expiration of sentence) prisoners shakes the prison fetters from off their limbs and finds themselves once again mingling their songs with those of the free of the land and being men again.

Let me now follow a prisoner from the time the Sheriff hands him over to Warden Coffin, with his commitment papers until he finds himself in one of the busy work shops.

He is at once taken into the guard room, where Capt. M. B. Saxby, Capt. of the Guard Room, makes a thorough search of the prisoners pockets. As the girls sometimes say, "Its a sight," to look into the woe begone sorrowful face of some of these new prisoners.

Often they are kept busy while being searched in wiping the tears from their eyes, and one cannot help pitying the poor unfortunate, as he hears the click of the great iron door latch after he steps into the Ohio Penitentiary for the first time. From here he is taken by a guard to Deputy Warden Bradford Dauson's Office where a minute description is taken of him by Assistant Clerk.

His age, place of birth, names of his parents, color of eyes and hair, complexion, every feature, scar and spot, even to a pin scratch

are registered and preserved. In case of his escape this description is printed on a postal card with a photograph of the departed, so that he may be easily identified.

The prisoner is then taken to the photograph gallery, where a front and profile view is taken of him, which is preserved in the Deputy Warden's Office. In this wonderful Rogues Gallery you can see the pictured out-lines of every criminal, from the red handed murderer who stretches the hangman's rope on the gallows, to the boy who only pilfered a few cigars in a country grocery.

From the gallery he goes to what is known as the new hall where a barber, ruthlessly whacks off that prided mustache and gives the hair a prison, regulation cut, which means as nearly level with the skin as it can be cut with "clippers."

You would scarcely know your nearest and best known friend after this barbaric proceeding.

We now follow him to the State Shop where the Superintendent of this shop, Thomas C. Simmons furnishes him with a suit of regulation zebra stripes; and now he finds himself a full fledged prisoner.

From here he is taken to the Hospital where he is thoroughly examined as to his physical condition. If found sound he will be so reported, but if suffering from any chronic trouble of lungs, or heart etc., he is either sent to the Idle House or kept in the Hospital and given treatment.

Drs. F.S. Wagenhals, Physician; G. Tharp, Assistant Physician, (night); and J.C. Stewer, Ass't., Physician, (day), conduct all the medical examinations, and prescribe all medicines that are given the sick.

From the Hospital he is taken to the Chaplain's Office where another record is taken. His age, nativity, religion, how long he attended Sabbath School, whether he uses tobacco, whether temperate or intemperate, married or single, how many children, his occupation, and number of times in prison. He is then given his serial number, by which he is known during his imprisonment. This number began with the first prisoner received at the Penitentiary, and has gradually increased from 1 to 24257.

If the prisoner is healthy and able to work he is now taken back to the Deputy Warden's Office who assigns him to work, or he is placed in the Idle House to await his turn to be placed on one or the other of the several contracts.

Now comes the tug-of-war to the new prisoner. He is assigned to a cell in which he will find a bed, bed clothing and drinking water. On the outside of the cell a label is decorated with his name, serial number, tobacco permit, Sunday

School ticket, School card, etc. If he is a Catholic, he gets a special permit to attend Catholic services.

The first night in the cell is what tries the very souls of most of the new prisoners. When locked up in their dismal, lonely cells for the first time, a realization of their condition is forced upon them and in many instances they sit down and weep as if their hearts would break. The thoughts of loved ones at home crowd thick and fast upon their memories, and if they sleep at all it is to dream of happy associations at the old homestead with father, mother, brothers, sisters, wives and children, only to awaken to find themselves utterly miserable, convicts! outcasts of society! with no one to confer a single kind favor upon them!

All prisoners are not put on contracts. Men of education are needed in many offices in this great prison; this class of men are very valuable in the Hospital, Secretary's Office, Library, Deputy's Office, Chaplain's Office, and in aiding the several Superintendents, in their work.

Sometimes a prisoner is reported for refusing to work, insubordination, disobedience, or some other infraction of the prison discipline. Such are at once taken before the Deputy Warden, who usually "gets at the bottom of the facts," and sometimes of the prisoner!

All prisoners except those sent for life, can shorten their time of imprisonment by good conduct.

A one year man will gain two months; a two year man gains four months and twenty-four days; a three year man gains nine months and eighteen days; a four year man gains one year two months and twelve days; a five year man gains one year eight months; a six year man gains two years two months and twelve days; a seven year man gains two years six months and twenty-four days; an eight year man gains two years eleven months and six days; a nine year man gains three years three months and eighteen days; a ten year man gains three years and eight months; and so on.

Did you ever see the prisoners go to dinner? If not, my friend you have missed a queer and interesting sight.

Think of it, 1900 men divided into companies, each commanded by an officer, single file, with the famous lock-step, all moving at once in the same direction: Halt! The Deputy taps his bell, "forward march," is given by each officer, and the army of striped uniforms march into the mammoth dining hall. Seated they await the tap of the Deputy Warden's bell, off come the caps, then comes the din and rattle of knives, forks, spoons, bowls etc., as the hungry populace dive deep into the mysteries of the handiwork of Landlord Capt. N.

**Munshower. Superintendent of Subsistence.**

The supper program is about the same, only instead of going back to work as they do at dinner, they are taken to their cells locked up and a report given by each guard to Assistant Deputy Warden, **L. H. Wells,** in the guard room. If the same corresponds with the clerk's book, Mr. Wells house calls out: "All right Captain," this informs **J. Langenberger,** Captain of the night watch, that every prisoner has been duly accounted for, the bugle is sounded and the days work ended.

Sometimes a prisoner gets the idea into his head that he could slip away from his command and "desert," so he makes a sneak and gives us what we call a "hide-out." In this case no bugle sounds, and all is hurry, bustle and excitement amongst the officers and guards, until the naughty culprit is dragged forth from under some pile of old rubbish, or some other supposed good hiding place. **Capt. Langenberger** if every thing is right, after the bugle call, gets out his night watch and also selects his fire watch who patrols the yard, after first taking the "boys" to school. The management of all the school matters is conducted by **Dan J. Morgan,** Supt., of Instruction. He counts the divisions, gives them into the care of a guard who then marches the school-boys to the large spacious room situated between the dining room and Hospital. After school the "boys" are marched back, locked in their cells and a report is made by each guard to Supt. Morgan, who in turn reports to night Captain **Langenberger.**

When a prisoner's days become few he becomes, restless and as one told the writer, "counts the minutes."

But oh! is it not horrible to contemplate, that after the weary toil of a long sentence so many return to be worried again? Such is the case however, as we have in the Ohio Penitentiary to-day men who are serving third, fourth, fifth and even more terms.



### Moses Allen's Prayer.

The convicts in the prison upon the Sabbath day  
For worship had assembled to sing, exhort and  
pray.  
The chaplain with much unction God's blessing  
did implore  
For soul as well as body, and many favors more.  
Then followed songs and praises, while many a  
ship-wrecked soul  
Sought earnestly and fervently for heavenly  
control.  
Thanksgiving Day approaching afforded some a  
theme  
For beatific vision and fondly cherished dream.  
At length uprose Mose Allen, a son of Africa's  
strand,  
Whose thoughts were on the future the day so  
near at hand.  
The happiness he prayed for was not beyond the  
vail,  
But much this side the pearly gates, if but his  
prayer prevail.  
His face was dark as midnight, his speech smack-  
ed of the days  
When all his race no other knew in sentence,  
word or phrase,  
"O Lord," he said, "the rich may have their  
turkey if they like,  
Or oysters from the ocean, or from the stream  
the pike;

Or pheasant from the forest, or veni-  
son or bear,  
Terrapin or tender-loin, and every  
thing that's rare;  
While they have these luscious  
things, Good Lord, do not forget  
To send this forlorn nigger some  
food that's better yet.  
Send 'possum, Lord the sweetest,  
the richest and the best.  
That's found in all creation from  
east to farthest west;  
And this the way to cook him, first  
scald off all the hair  
Then scrape him till he glistens,  
then cleau him out with care.  
Then hang him out for freezing  
Two nights now don't forget—  
That makes his meat more tender  
and sweeter, too you bet;  
Then put him in the oven and bake  
him long and slow,  
And baste him very often, till very  
brown, you know.  
Then take some sweeten-taters and  
lay them by his side,  
And let them cook in gravy till  
they are well done fried.  
Then while he's hot and juicy put  
salt and pepper on  
And bring him to this nigger to  
make his dinner on."  
And this was his conclusion, what  
more was there to say?  
Thus his invocation ended: "For  
only this I pray,  
And if my payer be granted, no  
other earthly bliss  
Can be of any consequence compar-  
ed with such as this."  
At first was indignation upon the  
Chaplain's face  
Then followed much confusion en-  
gendered not of grace.  
For all the prisoners wondered that  
such a prayer could be  
And that Old Mose Allen should  
utter such a plea.  
Then ended was devotion, and to  
his cell of gloom  
Each convict slowly wended as  
though 'twere to his tomb;  
In spite of spirit longings—in  
spite of Sabbath day,  
The mirth, born of the morning,  
kept driving grief away.  
Mose Allen's prayer was answered,  
nine times I heard them say—  
Nine possums came in answer be-  
fore Thanksgiving Day.  
They cooked them as directed,  
with vegetables galore,  
And such a scene was witnessed as  
rarely seen before.  
Two guests had Moses Allen about  
his festal board,  
To taste with him the sweetest  
within those 'possums stored;  
Two brothers of color who also had  
a taste  
For food so fitly chosen, and none  
should go to waste.



D. M. McCREARY.

## WHAT AND WHERE THEY EAT.

"We may live without poetry; music and art;  
We may live without conscience; and live without heart.  
We may live without friends; We may live without books,  
But civilized men cannot live without cooks.

We may live without books; what is knowledge but grieving?  
We may live without hope; what is hope but deceiving?  
We may live without love; what is passion but pining?  
But where is the man that can live without dining?"

The dining room is the largest prison Hotel in the world; and is usually conducted on the American plan. It has a seating capacity for 1900 souls.

An hundred cool, exhilarating currents of air kept in motion by atmospheric circulators, which are arranged directly above the tables. In the hot summer months this gives great pleasure to the tired, hungry army of prisoners, both in refreshing coolness and in keeping the ever pestiferous fly from dropping into bowls of hot coffee, and stiking fast to buttered bread.

Every thing that is consumed in the dining room is prepared in the great culinary department known as the kitchen, and that you may get an idea of what it takes to feed the prisoners, I will run over the bill-of-fare making up one meal-dinner.

If potatoes are wanted an order is sent in and forty bushels are prepared, one thousand heads of cabbage, one thousand five hundred pounds of meat and eighty five loaves of bread,



the whole washed down by four hundred gallons of coffee.

Each loaf of bread weighs about twenty two pounds, and one man is kept busy cutting each loaf into rations.

The meals are not all alike however; sometimes pot-pie, beef and bean soup, salt-fish, potatoes and gravy, corn-beef-hash, bacon with hominy and eggs and often fruits in their season are served.

This looks like an enormous amount of food to be consumed at a single "sitting," but when you take into consideration the facts that nearly 1900 hungry and most of them hard worked men are the consumers, it looks very reasonable indeed.

These men must be fed and well fed, woe! to the administration in order to show economy, which causes a single prisoner to leave the table hungry.

We cannot afford to "point with the finger of pride," to retrenchments made by taking bread out of any person's mouth and we are glad to say right here, that under the magnificent management of Warden E. G. Coffin, not a day passed but what attention was strictly paid to the comfort and entertainment of his "guests" in the dining room.

If the great machinery of this immense manufacturing city is to be kept going daily, then good fuel and plenty of it must be furnished.

In a word, what the boys want who work hard in the shops all day is good, substantial food, be it ever so plain and enough of it.

On holidays when the boys are treated to extra rations there is a great spread; 2600 fine, fat turkeys with dressing, 40 bushels of potatoes mashed with giblet sauce, 18 bushels of cranberries, 8 barrels of apples and other dainties are added to their regular meal and the boys enjoy it.

Some of my readers have no doubt visited or examined the kitchen of a leading hotel or the cooking galleys of a large Atlantic liner and have been duly impressed by the vastness and completeness of such culinary establishments where meals are prepared for possibly five hundred or more guests. Some idea can be formed by such travelled or posted reader of the facilities which must be provided for the cooking of three meals each day, through all the changing seasons and served on the exact fraction of a minute to 1900 individuals! Take a village of almost two thousand inhabitants and endeavor to serve them all from the one kitchen three times each day at exactly the same minute, and a tolerable fair idea may be formed by the untravelled or even the unsophisticated reader of the difficulty and magnitude of the undertaking.

Suppose the caterer for such a village was charged with the responsibility of furnishing the inhabitants each day with a change in the bill-of-fare and was also expected to fill their stomachs with palatable and wholesome food at a price per capita, not exceeding a fixed sum, or in default thereof lose his official head, how many baskets would be required to hold the figurative heads of the failures before a successful chef could be found to hold down the job? That this question or problem may be robbed of any apparent speculative features and a reasonable certainty offered as a basis for figuring (on the heads,) it can be assumed that the per capita of cost must not exceed the market wholesale price of provisions, distributed pro rata or per capita among the two thousand consumers.

Granted that a chef has been found and successfully installed in the village kitchen, who can within the fixed sum allowed, provide the two thousand inhabitants with wholesome, palatable food, the most insurmountable difficulty still presents itself—of varying the bill-of-fare each day so that the given result may be—the greatest number of palates tickled with the least amount of grumbling!

Now, while it is not claimed that "tickling the palates" of the 1900 convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary, is the desideratum aimed at by the management or Warden of the Institution it is nevertheless expected of the Supt. of the Subsistence Department by the Warden, aforesaid, that he will feed and vary the fare each day of the 1900 prisoners, at not to exceed a certain sum per capita without friction in the preparation of the meals, and with little if any complaint on the part of the prisoners, as to the quality or quantity furnished. And while it may again be admitted, to disarm possible criticism, that the deference or consideration paid to the complaints or grumbling of prisoners is not proportionately as great nor in degree as exacting as would very properly be looked for and expected from the honest citizens of a village, it must not however be lost sight of that because of the surroundings and deprivations endured by the convict, his dependence on the nutritious quality of the food furnished is necessarily greater than is the outside citizen, who breathes pure air and who can secure other aids to contentment, both liquid and solid.

The convict has to depend solely on the eatables furnished him at the table and naturally his sense of criticism in this respect is abnormally developed. The average convict's previous training as thief, tramp or fast man, qualifies him in a peculiar degree to detect any variation in the quality or preparation of the food furnished him. Men who have sampled the eatables in every farm house from New York to San Fran-

cisco, or who have in their "flush" periods ordered *la carte* at Delmonico's, know every shade in quality of flour, syrups, meats, coffee, etc., and by their long and varied experience on the road are formidable and expert critics in plain and ornamental cookery!

Hence it is, that in the Ohio Penitentiary Kitchen, the least of the difficulties confronting its presiding genius, is that which to the uninitiated seems at first glance to be the most formidable portion of his duties. Viz: the preparation of enormous quantities of food, variable in kind and served at the tap of the bell to 1900 experienced gormands three times each day. It is between and after meals—in fact at all hours of the long Summer day that the Superintendent of Subsistence "the Czar of the Kitchen"—is made to feel that the prison is to him at least a place of reasonable torture and soul-satisfying punishment. The colored and the white prisoner alternate, as it were, in lugubrious visits to the Kitchen Office with passes from their guards to see the Superintendent, from the breakfast hour at sunrise until the lock up at 6 p. m.

To describe the nature and object of these visits, omitting the "fairy tales" of the visitors would alone fill every page of this book. Of course the object is "food" and the nature of the visit has reference to a change or addition of the quality and quantity furnished, but as no two of the hundreds who call agree in their requests the bare recital of these petitions would make a large sized book. It is therefore but necessary in elucidation of this particular phase of convict life, to lay before the reader a few snap shot recitals taken down by the writer, in a brief visit to the Office of Captain McCreary,

Superintendent of Subsistence and "the Czar of the Kitchen" by investiture of convict cornation!

"Say boss! is Captin Crackery in?" inquired a large, burly colored prisoner as the office opened for business at 6 a. m.

"The Superintendut will be in directly—what do you want?" interrogatively answered the convict clerk of the office.

"See yar boss ise do biz only with de brass buttons, ye heah!"

The "brass buttons" just at this moment loomed up behind the Darkey who filled the doorway and in his usual quiet and even tones Captain McCreary inquired the prisoners wants.

"Cap'n, Is'e got the 'dyspepsee' and Is'e called to see sah if you gib me buttah fo dis yar liber?"

"But butter isn't good for the dyspepsia, is it?—and your fond of liver I'm sure."

"O yes Cap—Is'e fond nuff of liber, dats de truf, but dey

is'n't grese nuff on dis liber for me to ingest it, an I's darfoah lose'n flesh powful fas' Cap'n, dats de truf'!"

A small dish of butter rewarded this pathetic appeal. It may be remarked parenthetically that the colored prisoner while considerably in the minority is largely in the majority of his visits to the Superintendents office, and in his requests for change as well as addition to his rations. The greater portion of the colored population of the prison is from the Southern States. And it is unnecessary to state that the dietary of the prison is to this class a luxurious change from the "Pone" and "Johie" of the plantations. But the Darkey in imitation of the superior Caucasian has *his* "pretensions" and nowhere are his pretensions given freer rein or are more abnormally developed than in the Penitentiary. He must impress upon the officials that he has (like his white brother) seen better days and is familiar with the good things he has heard of, perhaps, for the first time through the repinings or mournful reminiscences of his white fellow convicts. Besides, the Penitentiary is the one spot on earth where exact social and political equality between the Caucasian and the African exists. They each enjoy the one political right to live and their social status is sharply and exactly defined by—the lock-step! Hence the Negro as a rule in prison is socially elevated, so to speak, while his material surroundings are vastly improved. In prison as on the out side he has the "happy go-lucky" disposition of the race and no mental sufferings ever interfere with his trained appetite and incomparable digestion.

But here comes a Chronic "Kicker," of the superior race to the office, and his first salutation is indicative of the reception he expects from the disgusted but good natured superintendent.

"The Warden says as how I kin have all I want ter eat Cap."

"Well?"

"I have lost fifteen pounds in two weeks and I'm so weak I can't do my task"

"Humph!"

"Yes cap and I must get something or I can't stand it. The Warden says as if I can't eat pork and beans, you kin giv' me fresh beef."

"Why, on Monday last you begged for a small piece of pork because you couldn't eat boiled beef. How's this?"

"Yes, Capin; but" (scratching his head,) "the Warden says as——"

"Didn't you tell me only day before yesterday that you pre-

ferred pork to beef, and that you gained thirty pounds in weight since last year?"

"Oh, well, if the Warden's order is no good I'll giv' in and see him again and——"

"Let us see the Warden's order."

"I don't got no writing from de Warden, but the Warden says as I must have enough to eat and——"

"Retire, and do not come here again unless you bring a written order from the Warden and a pass from your guard."

Sullenly but obediently the "Chronic" retreats backwards until he turns the corner of the office doorway, where in close proximity, the cooking ranges of the kitchen abutt, and as he wheels to the right towards the exit a generous sized beefsteak disappears, as if by magic, from the receptacle where the cook had just placed it, with others, for the breakfast of the prisoners confined in the annex. As dexterously as the "Chronic" did the "job" the eye of the kitchen guard saw and transfixed the thief with a look, which needed no spoken words to admonish him that his presence in the "cellar" and a bout with the "Stackhouse hummer" would be the next number on his program.

Now this fellow is a type of the disagreeable and hard to be managed class of prisoners. The guard in his shop, the superintendent of the kitchen, the Deputy Warden, the Warden himself, and even sometimes the Board of Managers in their monthly visits have each and all been "stood up" with his never ending and causeless grumbling. And each and all have dealt with him by their several methods, the superintendent with an occasional gratification of his whims, the guard with passes to the kitchen, the Warden with the promise of investigating, the Board with sympathetic attention and the "Big Deputy" with the "hummer" without in the slightest effecting a cure or even a modification of his constitutional ailment.

"That chap will be around again in a few days," remarked the superintendent as "Old Chronic" shot past the watchful guard, minus the beefsteak which he dropped like a hot brick, on catching the ominous look of the vigilant kitchen sentinel.

And now they come trooping to the office in ones, twos and threes, with requests as varied and picturesque as the patches on Joseph's coat.

"Gib me a little peppah, sah, for a sore throaf!" exclaims the next comer. "I would like a raw onion for the neuralgia in my stomach, boss, please;" explicitly announces an old timer. "Can you spare me a little sugar Cap'en to take a bad taste out of my mouth," politely inquires a delicate looking

man with a gigantic quid of tobacco bulging out his right cheek. "Can I get molasses changed for butter," asks another, and before there is time to reply he is joined at the doorway by a fellow prisoner who requests if he "can get butter changed for molasses." And the next proclaims: "I never drank tea in my life; can't I get coffee instead." While a Southern white prisoner informs the superintendent that he "would sooner go without meat for his dinnah, sah! than sugah for his coffee." He gives way to an old darkey troubled with asthma who "wants a lemon to ease his bref," while a raw-boned Irishman asks if he "might git a wee bit of ginger to warm the could in his shtomach." "Bin used to a drap of the cratur outside ye see, Captin," he explained with a forced grin. "I cawn't heat this bloomin' 'ash you know," expostulatingly complains a recent importation from Cockneydom, while some degenerate, descendant of the Cæsars grimacingly petitions for "a l-e-t-t-l-e fruit to makey bono des place," as he clasps his hands together in the region of his stomach.

It is the Southern darkey, however, who may be said to earn the ribbon for eccentricities in the line of eatables. It is from him many of the suggestions have unconsciously come, which has varied from time to time, the ordinary, or perhaps I should call it, the stereotyped bill of fare furnished in the Northern prisons. Few, if any, of my readers know what "Hop-in-John" is I presume, nor indeed the other Southern darkey edible called "Johie." This latter is salt fat pork and the name is no doubt familiar enough to old soldiers who served in the rebellion. But "hop-in-john" is a finished course, composed of several ingredients. It was discovered in this manner by Captain McCreary.

Old Mose Allen, extended reference to whom is made elsewhere in this book, dropped in at the office one day to see "Capin Crackery" (as the darkies insist on pronouncing the name,) obtaining the Captain's attention, Mose, in lugubrious tones informed the Superintendent that he could not eat "no how dis white bread and meat." He wanted "corn pone" and "hop-in-john." Encouraged to make all his wants known, Mose unbosomed himself to the following effect:

"Ye see, Capin, dis yar North'n grub 'xactly suits you'uns stomach, but for we'uns corn pone, hop-in-John, Johie, possum, coon, pole cat, and——"

"Oh, come now, Mose," interrupted the Superintendent, "you would'nt eat pole cat, if you would you certainly can eat anything?"

"Pole cat, Capin, is a 'licious dish, you kotch the pole cat, bury him in de groun' foah days, den he smell no moah, sah.



You next skun him, put him in oven and bake brown, he eat sweet'n dan chickin den! But my fav'rite dish, Capin, 'cuse me, sah, is hop-in-john next to possum. You'uns must git rice and beans, bile 'em, den put in oven wid slices of ham fat and bake brown. Dat's hop-in-john, sah! Suah to fatten any niggah, sah! dat's de truf."

As the space originally designed to cover a brief notice of the kitchen is more than exhausted, while only the merest outlines have been traced, I must reluctantly move on that the reader may not miss or be cheated of a knowledge—imperfectly conveyed, it is true—of every object of interest, animate or inanimate, within the walls of the Ohio Penitentiary.

I cannot, however, dismiss this subject without a few remarks, on the popular impression or belief in the supposed inhuman treatment of prisoners, their starvation, etc.

Scotia's bard did not have the Ohio Penitentiary in his "mind's eye" when he wrote

"Man's inhumanity to man,  
Makes countless thousands mourn."

And nowhere is this uniform humanity of the prison officials better exemplified than in the Penitentiary kitchen. The robust and physically perfect convict too often frames the intellect of a child, minus its innocence. Capriciousness of appetite, the peevishness of minds diseased, and the irritability of coarse or brutal natures have all to be met and treated with, in a spirit of broad humanity and Christian charity. Daily and hourly contact with the prisoner from month to month and year to year, instead of engendering or developing calousness in the immediate officials or in the general management of the Prison enlarges their humanity, and, the prisoner escaped from the jeers and insults of the mob, the anathemas of the newspaper and the blows of society—and, too often, its injustice—finds, indeed, a refuge in his prison. He speedily realizes, with gratified surprise, the superior humane treatment of his guards and task masters. It is the universal experience of the professional, as well as the accidental criminal, that the Penitentiary is much more endurable than one's previous conception or impression formed of it. And this fortunate surprise reserved for the repudiated of society, who enters the gloomy portals of the State Prison is entirely due to the firm, intelligent and humane treatment of the officers from the Board of Managers to the wall guard. It is in this spirit the kitchen has ever been conducted, with, of course, the variation of personality in its head, naturally resultant from changes in administration of the different Superinten-

dent of Subsistence. And while it is no part of the plan or purpose of this book to eulogize any officer, big or little, I will, nevertheless, close this chapter with the assertion that Captain D. M. McCreary, as a successful caterer to convicts, has but few peers and no superior in this or any other State.

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## A LAWYER'S SYMPATHY.

AT a time when the Annex was crowded and the unhappy inmates were looking forward to the shameful death which awaited them, the attorney of one of the victims called upon the man who had already paid him a small fortune to save his life and who was almost now reduced to poverty, without hope, without friends. After talking a few moments, the lawyer, looking up to the door opening into the death cell, said:

"Say S——, do you see that door up there that goes into the death cell?"

"Why, yes, of course I see it, Mr. Blank, why do you ask me?"

"Nothing," said the lawyer; "only I wanted you to understand that there is where *you* are going one of these days!" Then asking permission of the guard to take the man out of the cage, he took him directly under the trap, and pointing up to the horrible hole he said: "do you see that S——?"

"Yes, I see that terrible place," said the now terrified prisoner. "Why do you ask me those questions?"

"Because," said the lawyer, "that is the place where you are going through very shortly, if you cannot furnish me with more money!"

Think of that picture: A man standing beside a poor, helpless, trembling victim, pointing with the long boney finger of greed to the treacherous trap through which he would see the form of him whom he had promised to defend, and befriend, to the last, standing as it were, on the very brink of eternity, see this expounder of the law, as he weighs the precious life of a fellow man against so many dollars, and the picture presents to your gaze a true type of an American Judas. The lawyer did not get a single cent more, and strange to say the man did not hang, and is to-day serving a life sentence, but a black cloud passes over his countenance as he relates the unpleasant story of his "Sympathetic (?) Lawyer."

This same life prisoner is to-day wearing a beautiful diamond pin presented to him by Edward Blair, the evening before he was executed. He prizes it very highly, and nothing on earth could tempt him to part with it, as he thinks it was his "mascot." He received commutation a few days afterwards.

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## PICKPOCKET VICTOR ALLEN.

ON December 7th, 1892, there was discharged from the prison one of the most notorious pickpockets perhaps in the world. He served in all the noted prisons of the United States, and probably other countries. He served in the famous prison on the Island of Cuba, Sing Sing and Auburn, N. Y., Massachusetts State Prison, Cherry Hill, Pennsylvania; Frankfort Kentucky, Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and on this day completed a sentence of three years in the Ohio Penitentiary. He was always getting himself into trouble by his tricks, the boldest being that of forging hall permits under the Dyer administration. He bartered the passes to his fellow prisoners for money, and a great number of these forged papers were successfully used by the convicts thus favored for months before the guards "got on to his racket." Allen was what the "boys" term a "slick article."

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## VENDRUTH D. WASHBURN'S

Christmas Gift. 1892.

V. D. Washburn, up to the day on which he was handed his Christmas pardon by Warden James, had served upwards of 22 years in the Ohio Penitentiary. The pardon was unconditional, signed by Governor McKinley, and dated December 16th, 1892.

Washburn was received from Summit county, November 29th, 1870, for the murder of his cousin, who had ruined his wife. He had been in prison so long, and having spent the best part of his life within prison walls, his nature had become calloused, and he was quite indifferent as to his situation. His only hope of any happiness seemed to center in his love for his daughter, with whom he intends making his future home. She lives in Columbus, O. Washburn was a soldier and draws a pension of \$22.00 a month. He is an expert mechanic.

## SNATCHED FROM DEATH'S JAWS.



ISAAC SMITH.

TO walk out upon the platform from the death cell, place one's feet upon the death trap and undergo the ordeal of preparation for execution, *one* time, is surely enough to sunder the heart cords, and bring that feeling that only the conscious victim of disease in the last throes of a living moment can understand. What must have been the agonies of a man with all the feeling any human possesses to have suffered, not only one time, but **TEN** times.

Reader, you may shudder at the horrible idea and probably almost persuade yourself that such an occurrence never took place in the Ohio Penitentiary. To make assurance doubly sure I will let the subject speak for himself. Here is Isaac Smith's statement that he furnished the author personally.

### SMITH'S STATEMENT.

"It would be as impossible for me to tell my feelings during the terrible ordeal through which I passed, as it would be to paint a sunbeam. I will try, however, to give the reader some little idea of the terrors of being brought face to face with death, half a score of times. In the first place, to be shut within the inclosure of the Annex is horrible enough in itself,

knowing that you are placed here like the brute in the slaughter house, only awaiting the time when you must close your eyes, with the dreaded rope encircling your neck, and the hard, cruel knot pressing the tender flesh, while the black cap shuts out God's sunlight forever, and the last act in this dreadful drama, the springing of the treacherous trap. All crowd upon one's memory, and is it any wonder that the unhappy victims often pray for deliverance in any other way? And sometimes do succeed in cheating the gallows by suicide?

"The crime for which I was sent to the Annex and for which I am now serving a life sentence, was committed by some other person and I am an innocent man.

"I was found guilty entirely on the evidence of one man, G. M. Fowler, who at the time of my trial and conviction was very intimate with my wife, and to get rid of me, he tried to swear my life away. I was sentenced on the 9th day of May, 1889, to be executed on the 23d day of August, 1889. The Supreme Court suspended sentence on the 16th of August, but decided against me on the 2d day of February, and said that I must be executed March 7th, 1890.

"At this time my friends asked the Board of Pardons either for a pardon or commutation of sentence. A reprieve was granted until April 25th, 1890. At the meeting of the Board April 10th a commutation of sentence was asked by a unanimous vote of the Board, but Governor Campbell made public his wishes in the matter, and said plainly that it was no half way case, and that I was either innocent of the crime, or else I was guilty. That if I was guilty he intended to let the law take its course, but if innocent he thought that I ought to have my freedom.

"I was again reprieved until June 20th, 1890. And then again until August 29th, at which time my friends were working day and night for me, and the Governor again reprieved me until October 24th, and again until November 29th, 1890. This time Governor Campbell refused to interfere any more, but was finally touched by the persistent pleading of loved ones. On the evening of November 28th one day before I was to be executed, my attorneys, some friends, and Warden B. F. Dyer, were in the Governor's office, and again I was reprieved, this being the eighth time I was snatched from the grinning jaws of death. When the reprieve was ordered Warden Dyer left the Governor's office by the back way, and coming down to the penitentiary locked up all the outer gates and absolutely refused to let any of my friends come to the Annex to see me.

"With the reprieve papers in his pocket he visited me in the

**Annex.** He told me, with apparent sympathy, that the Governor had absolutely refused me any more executive clemency, that my time was very short and that he was truly sorry for me, that he would have to take me from the cage and put me in the death cell. He then took me to the death cell and commenced to make preparations for the execution right before my eyes. Think of the awful feeling that I experienced while this preliminary preparation was in progress! At this time my attorneys and friends were outside of the prison, wondering what was going on inside. About 11:30 o'clock the Warden returned, and coming into the death cell where I was sitting, he got a chair and sitting down near me, he said he had had a long talk with Governor Campbell, that the Governor had said to him that if he (Smith) would make a full confession of his crime and own up that he had committed the murder, that he (the Governor) would commute his sentence to imprisonment for life, and that he (Smith) would, in this way save his life and in no other.

"I never was so shocked in my life, to think that Governor Campbell, who I always admired as a man of sympathetic nature, should offer me such terms to save my life. I indignantly declined the proposition, and told Warden Dyer that I would say now, as I ever said before, that I was innocent of the crime, and could hang but would not tell a lie about it, even to save my life. I was certain that I had less than half an hour to live, but I was determined to meet my fate bravely. The Warden then left me and went to his office. Just eight minutes before I was to have been hung, Warden Dyer again visited me, this time telling me that Governor Campbell had again reprieved me.

"Can I ever forgive Warden Dyer for this awful torture? *Never!* Think of it! with the Governor's reprieve in his pocket which ought to have been given me at once, he causes me to suffer all the tortures and horrors of execution.

"I was again respited until December 19, 1890. At the time this reprieve was to expire two more men were to have been executed, and Warden Dyer determined to have a triple execution. All preparations had been duly made. The condemned men were measured for death suits by a tailor, three coffins were ordered and telegrams sent to my friends to have my grave ready and come for my body. Again, the Governor, not yet satisfied that I was guilty, reprieved me to March 20th, 1891. Before the reprieve expired, I was again reprieved until May 1st, 1891.

"Ten times did I face death, but the most horrible feeling that I experienced during the whole time of my terrible ex-

• perience, was when I found out that a fellow man would play with my life, as if it was not as precious to me as his own life was to him. If I would have been less brave than I was, or had I been like some of the victims that have passed to eternity through the death trap, I might have been spared the writing of this harrowing story of my past life in the O. P. Annex.

"Every word that I have written for this book, by request of Prof. Daniel Morgan, is true, and happened just as stated."

"Yours, very truly,

ISAAC M. SMITH."

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## A REIGN OF TERROR.

LAST Tuesday night as the guard room clock announced the hour of eight, this quiet, orderly and serene community was suddenly overwhelmed with terror and consternation.



THE WAANGDOODLE.

Without a premonitory warning the frosty air was suddenly rent by a succession of prolonged, vital-freezing shrieks, well calculated to blanch the cheek of the visitor's conductor and turn the hair on a cocoanut grey in half a night. Watch dogs in their kennels were overcome by terror and howled dolefully in unison with the mysterious bellowing; faint hearted "cons" fell upon their knees and began praying for deliverance. First the supposition was that the O. P. had been attacked by the Salvation Army, and a posse was hastily organized to ascertain the cause of the unearthly disturbance. It was thought by the ignorant and superstitious the shrieks proceeded from lost souls which were revisiting the scenes of their earthly woes to tread again the halls that oft had echoed to the clanking of their chains. But this illusion was dispelled, however, by the return of the committee with the report that they had discovered and temporarily subdued the "Whangdoodle"—that the unearthly screeches emanated only from the chapel choir, which was practicing a new "voluntary" to spring on the helpless congregation next Sunday morning.—*The Convict Comforter*, February 6, 1892.

# A CONDENSED LIFE STORY.

W. J. ELLIOTT EPITOMIZES HIS VERY STIRRING  
CAREER.

State and City Official, Journalist, Soldier, Filibusterer  
and Convict—Striking Exemplification of  
the Changes of Fortune.

AT the suggestion, or rather request of our efficient Superintendent of Schools, Dan J. Morgan, Esq., I have undertaken to epitomize the events in my career, as an autobiography is entirely out of the question, for good and sufficient reasons, no doubt apparent to the intelligent reader.

If this chapter lacks interest which briefly details the vicissitudes of fortune experienced by a man who has not yet reached his forty-sixth year, but who nevertheless, has seen military service under four flags before the attainment of his majority; who has been filibusterer, journalist, newspaper publisher, city and state officer and closes his career perhaps! (for as "hope springs eternal in the human breast" I still have—hope!) as a convict the failure will be due to the reluctance of a "striped" intellect to obey a physical desire to please the humane and courteous author of this book. With this prelude I tune my soul to free confession and bolder truth.

On the 15th day of December, 1863, I was the youngest sergeant of the line in the British Army, being still some months under sixteen years of age. And within the space of ninety days I was the senior Corporal, Co., I, 59 Regt., Mass., Volunteers! It will not interest the reader, nor is it my purpose for personal reasons to be more explicit in regard to my military service in the British Army, nor how I came to wear the scarlet coat and gold chevrons of a sergeant of the line other than



to state that by a well known British precedent as faithfully observed as the statutory laws of the Empire, I was entitled to a military education and ultimately a Commission as an officer under the British flag. Fired, however, with a love of liberty and a desire for active service and encouraged by an elder brother (Nathaniel) serving as Master's Mate in the fleet of Admiral Porter, I abandoned the advantages to which I was entitled by birth and—marched from the Wilderness to Appomattox with the American Napoleon, General U. S. Grant. Two gun shot wounds and "a muster out" on crutches from the McClellan General Hospital, Germantown, Pennsylvania, on the 22nd of May, 1865, attested—and still attest—the services I rendered as an humble soldier in the most gigantic civil war which has ever been fought to such a decisive, important and glorious finish. I am not permitted to pause for an indulgence—even were I in a reminiscent mood—in Army scenes, battles and sieges, the march and the bivouac; it is only the free—the unconvicted!—who "may shoulder his crutch and show how fields were won!" On the 15th of September, 1865, or just four months after my honorable discharge from the service of the United States I again found myself under the British flag—but not as a loyal soldier or adherent of the Queen. On the contrary I was a sworn officer in the army of the Irish Republic, by proclamation provisionally established. I saw neither battle nor skirmish in this army (on paper) but I saw the inside of a British bastille where I remained for almost one year, until released on the demand or through the good offices of the American Government. Hon. William B. West, U. S. Consul to Dublin and Hon. Charles Francis Adams, our Minister to London, did me the honor in presenting the case of the three hundred or more American citizens, confined with me to select the case, as I made it in letters to them, protesting against our imprisonment. My letters were given a conspicuous place in the British blue book, as the government's semi-apology to the British public for yielding to the demands of the United States.

I was offered "terms" by the British government, viz: "to leave the country and not return while the *habeas corpus* act was in force." This, I spurned, in a letter to Mr. Adams, who subsequently quoted the following paragraph in his state paper:

"I am an American citizen, I fought under the free flag of the Republic, I hold irrevocably the conviction that it is not compatible with my record as a soldier or with my dignity as an American citizen, to accept terms concerning my personal liberty from any foreign government. I DEMAND instant release or immediate trial on any charges Her Britanic Majesty's

government may prefer. Refusal to comply with this alternative demand only affects my personal comfort, but it involves the honor of the Republic claiming my allegiance. That that honor cannot be sullied with impunity, I who have seen its flag careen in victory over a mighty foe, feel assured, and I feel serenely safe against the most elaborate intimidation while a remnant of its dauntless legions exist to grasp their arms."

This was simply, what in vulgar parlance, is called "nerve" on my part. Its impudence will be understood when it is explained that I was not, at the time, a naturalized citizen, and was, indeed, under the greatest danger of being court-martialed and shot by the British government, if recognized as the sergeant who abandoned its flag not quite two years previously. However, "all's well that ends well," and to use another, but expressive vulgarism, the "bluff" went, and I secured my *unconditional* liberty on the 13th October, 1866. With the afterwards famous "war correspondent of Merv," Edmond O'Donovan, I reached New York the latter part of October, and after a brief visit to my home in Cincinnati, I answered General Ryan's telegram of "Will you join us to free Cuba?" in the affirmative!

That unfortunate attempt, like the Irish one, failed before the strong arm of an organized government. It was my luck, ill or good, as the reader may please to regard it, to miss, by a series of unavoidable happenings, General Ryan's expedition in which that gallant soldier, Captain Fry, the commander of the *Virginus*, some Cubans of distinction, including the rebel Secretary of War, and about thirty others lost their lives at *Santiago de Cuba* by the Spanish drum-head court-martial. The English consul—with whom I subsequently traveled to Europe—informed me of the fearless manner in which Ryan, Fry and their companions met their death.

Foiled in my efforts to accompany General Ryan, I joined the expedition of Colonel Major at New Orleans, and after various adventures too tedious to mention—including a chase by a Spanish man of war—we were dumped on the coast too late to help and too feeble to avenge the fallen patriots.

Returning by the way of Texas, I accidentally met my brother Nathaniel, who had been given charge of the Alamo building in San Antonio by General Grant. With him I remained for almost two years, and in that time I explored the frontiers and fought the Comanches for the glory (?) there was in it!

The beginning of 1869 found me once more at home and through forever with soldiering and filibustering. Here I was

at twenty-two years of age with military service in the English, the American, the Irish and the Cuban armies, and without other trade or profession than my knowledge of arms. After a trial or two—mainly successful, at the book publishing business I launched out into journalism. I worked in various capacities, as reporter, specialist, editor, etc., in Cincinnati, Detroit, Philadelphia and New York city, until the Centennial of 1876 when, in co-partnership with the late General Halpin, I projected a weekly newspaper in Cincinnati. In the Spring of 1878, I was elected Secretary of the Cincinnati Board of Health, and earned the "grateful recognition" of its Chamber of Commerce in the terrible yellow fever epidemic, which for the first time alarmed the people of the North, and more especially the residents of towns along the Ohio river.

On the 12th of March, 1879, Governor Richard M. Bishop sent my name to the Ohio Senate for confirmation as Supervisor of Public Printing, and on the 12th of the following month I assumed the duties of the office.

It is from this office I date the first of that series or grades of occurrences which culminated on the 23d of February, 1891, in a fatal street fight on High street, Columbus, in which a most esteemed and venerable citizen lost his life by a stray bullet from the revolver of one or the other of the participants in the fight. How true it is that "crime" is rarely or ever a sudden impulse, facts and appearances to the contrary and notwithstanding. This "crime" of the 23d of February had been in process of evolution from the day I became a State officer. Not yet thirty years of age I had attained a most enviable position in my party, for besides being a State officer, I was the confidential friend and counsellor of the Governor of the State, and of many other prominent party leaders, as well as the trusted agent of both Samuel J. Tilden and R. M. Bishop in an arrangement of which honor forbids me to speak!

When it is stated that some twenty able editors were candidates for the prize I carried off, some idea may be formed of the chagrin and envy I excited in the breasts of my competitors. They, or the majority of them, never forgave "the red-headed Irishman," as they were pleased to elegantly designate me in their editorial columns, for putting such a humiliation upon them, as they regarded their defeat at my hands. War commenced on me from the hour I took office. My own party papers were as severe in their strictures—if not more so—than were the natural enemy. The "crime" was begotten then of undeserved and shameful abuse of me and mine, by friends and enemies. I speak, of course, in the Pickwickian or party sense of "friends" and "enemies" at this period. But the

prejudices then engendered ripened further along into real, *bona fide* personal hatred of my individual as well as political self. Leaving office at the end of two years, with a resolution never to hold another one during my life, I naturally returned to journalism, and to the arena where I was no mean gladiator myself. For two years I had silently suffered from the lies and insults of the "mob" of scribblers who were journalists and newspaper men without pride of profession, and deficient even in that adaptation essential to the student of any pursuit calling for a reasonably high order of natural, and a decent allowance of acquired abilities.

Fortune played me a trick at the outset of my Columbus journalistic career. By some means, design or accident, I know not to this day, an innocent paragraph slipped into the local columns of my paper a few weeks after I had assumed control. The parties involved by the paragraph were amongst the wealthiest and most powerful in Columbus. And although no names were given in the scandalous item, (which contained but six lines) it pleased the aforesaid parties to assume that they were the persons meant. My contemporaries, waiting patiently for an opening at me, promptly availed themselves of this opportunity, and poured in broadside after broadside. Meanwhile, the grand jury refused to indict me for the libel, and I received such encouraging letters to purify Columbus society, that, smarting under what I considered an undeserved castigation from my local brethren of the press, and ambitious to cut a swath in a new and untried (to me) field of journalism, I adopted in my local columns the policy of publishing *all the news* regardless of persons. This is very properly styled "sensational journalism." From sensational to personal journalism is hardly a step, and in a very short time I was engaged fore and aft, as the sailor would say, with my contemporaries and with every crooked, snide and whited sepulchre in the city, in and out of the press. I will not deny that I enjoyed the sensation of my new departure, for heretofore, my style and methods of newspaper work were as diametrically opposite to that which I now indulged in as the poles. My rivals now made common cause, and by watching my every step soon had me squirming under the epithets of "scandal monger," "sensationalist," "personal journalist," etc., etc. I could not retreat. My only safety lay in a bold advance, and I fearlessly assailed politicians and gamblers, libertines and corruptionists, without regard to persons or political affiliations.

Up to the incident I am about to relate, I had the most profound respect for the administration of law, and I even yet

retain, with a verdict and sentence against me, the most sacred respect for human life. The incident I refer to was an attempt to assassinate me in the corridors of the Neil House, by a high State officer, whom I had severely and, perhaps, unjustly criticised. There was much personal ill-feeling between the official and myself, and reviewing things now in a better light, I am satisfied that I was partly to blame. Exasperated by my persistent attacks, which were tinted with the lurid coloring of political assaults, the official referred to, fired two shots at and slightly wounded me, on a Sunday evening while the corridors of the hotel were but thinly occupied with guests and visitors.

He was arrested and arraigned before the mayor, but that official justified the shooting, on the ground that I had (which was true to a certain extent) "outrageously abused" my assailant, and he was promptly discharged! The grand jury, however, was given the case by the prosecuting attorney and a few citizens who protested against the mayor's very peculiar rendering of law. The grand jury, following in the mayor's decision dismissed the case and found no bill!

While I was secretly glad that my assailant escaped punishment, I marveled much that "shooting with intent to kill" was no crime if the shootist was a State official and the target the editor of a Sunday newspaper! The more I marveled the more indignant I became, until I finally arrived at the natural conclusion that I had no protection, by law, for my life, and must therefore protect myself, the awful alternative of taking, in its defense, the life of my fellow man being alone left me.

I pursued the same policy in my paper as heretofore, notwithstanding this warning and this admonition by the authorities. I believed I was right. I broke up gambling hells the police could not reach, I stamped out filthy variety theatres, where the youths of both sexes were being ruined and prostituted, I ran out of town "intelligence office frauds" and I forced the arrest of fortune tellers, clairvoyants and abortionists, male and female. In fact I made war on the whole brood of the "unwashed" and the slum element. I did not neglect, however, the so-called better classes. And here I made a fatal mistake. I should have encouraged the wealthy libertine, nursed the heartless corporations oppressing the white slaves in their employ, and cuddled the politicians of both or all the parties. I didn't, however. I made a blunder and allied myself with the masses against the classes. In my day of trial the classes remembered me and were on hand to

see "the majesty of the law vindicated," while the masses!—where were they? and echo answered—*where?*

In my efforts to drive out of town or reduce the number of the fortune tellers, who were robbing poor servant girls and sappy-headed males, I had an amusing experience with a certain Madame de Estere, or some such name. She was, of course, the seventh daughter of the seventh son, or words to that effect, according to her advertisement in my contemporaries. I may state here parenthetically, that I refused all advertisements of this class, including medical advertisements of a certain character. This Madame de Estere was noted for her patronage by the poor working girls, and sinister reports reached me that her house in other respects was, to say the least, no better than it ought to be. I therefore determined to interview the Madam, and, calling at her residence, I was soon ushered into her presence. I made known my business by placing two silver dollars on the table and holding out my hand with a "I believe every word you say" kind of look in my eyes, requested her to tell my fortune. Nothing loath, the Madam unwound a long and imaginative story (she didn't predict that I would land in the Pen!) of my loves and adventures, winding up with the prediction that I would yet "marry the black-haired girl and be happy." She arose as an indication that the *seance* was over. I had not been idle while the Madam was engaged in casting my horoscope, I saw all and heard all I needed to convince me that the place was a den of vice, and I therefore determined to "roast" the "ranch" in my paper. As a preliminary, however, I informed the Madam that I was the seventh son of a seventh daughter, and that I had a national reputation for my mediumistic powers, "Would Madam have her fortune told?" I inquired in my blandest tones.

Half hesitatingly the Madam answered: "Yes, if you can really tell the past and the future."

"I cannot guarantee Madam," I retorted, "that I can tell your past, but I am confident I can fortell or predict your future to a limited extent."

The Madam's curiosity being excited, she submitted her hand with a doubting air. I glanced carefully at the lines in her large, coarse hand, and after a pause of a few moments, I solemnly announced: "Madam I can see great tribulation and suffering here!"

She pulled her hand away and looked at me suspiciously.

"Yes, Madam," I resumed, "I have read coming events in your hand and I regret to tell you that you will be written up in the *Capital* (my paper) to-morrow, arrested the next day by

the Chief of Police, and driven out of Columbus on Tuesday—no charge, Madam!" I concluded, as I slid to the door and disappeared, leaving the notorious fraud gnashing her teeth at me as she had too late realized my mission and purpose.

The "write up" and expulsion of Madam de Estere occurred as predicted, but I have never ascertained by any occult sign or manifestation that my reputation as a fortune teller was enhanced. I only mention this one incident in my continuous war on frauds of every description, to illustrate, by sample, the text to which I have already devoted too much of my allotted space.

From time to time, able editorials appear in the newspapers on crime, its prevention and punishment. The abolition of the death penalty has excited discussion in the press and in the Legislature. There is an unaccountable unanimity in the press opinions, not on the abolition in deed of the death penalty—but on the more stringent imprisonment of criminals of every variety, but especially of the murderous species. The chances offered the accused murderer to escape through the chicanery of lawyers, the technicalities of the law and the uncertainty of juries, argue the able editor, are so great that once convicted the criminal should be kept in confinement his full sentence, without clemency or pardon to militate its severity, for "he indeed must be guilty in these days who is so declared by a jury."

I have written in this strain myself, and really believed in the truth of my thesis. But experience in this as in all the other affairs of life, offers a far more intelligent basis to found an opinion than theory however fine spun and logical.

Without entering into an argument which is foreign to the purpose of this book, I simply offer a few points in opposition to this mistaken, but almost universal opinion, concerning the chances offered accused criminals to escape through the mal-administration of law, the uncertainties of juries, etc. The newspapers convict any and every person accused of crime who may be prominent enough, either in person or in the offense committed to draw their fire. Juries are intimidated by threats of a (Falstaffian) mob, "property will be destroyed, the court house burned and crime encouraged," cry the vigilant press "if the jury fail to agree and bring in a verdict of guilty!" The judges dare not rule according to the statutes in the face of the public opinion once aroused against the prisoner by the press, and neither supreme nor inferior courts are beyond the influence of the opinion thus appealed to. So well and universally is this fact known, not only at home but abroad, that Bryce in his "American Common-

wealth" is forced to observe substantially that: "the American States cannot pretend to claim that their courts administer criminal law like those of other civilized nations."

Now, be it understood, the every day professional criminal is not endangered nor his case tried by the newspapers. He stands or falls by the criminal statutes made and provided for in such cases. But these statutes are never, or rarely, applicable to the prominent and accidental criminal. The papers for, or against him, acquit or convict the accused from Maine to California. The intelligent, educated citizen who violates law with a knowledge of the penalty he must pay, according to the criminal code, is usually astonished when placed upon trial to discover, when it is too late, that the press has created a public opinion against him, which precludes his trial either, according to the rules of evidence or the statutes of the State. His lawyers may pile objections upon objections and "save" them for a higher court—there is not one chance in a hundred of the interference or reversal by the higher tribunal! On the other hand, the accused citizen may be some favorite of the press. In this event he will be agreeably surprised to find that the criminal statutes do not apply to his case, and he is either acquitted amidst the plaudits of the press or *nolle prosequed* by an amiable prosecuting attorney.

The reader will exclaim: "but these are the assertions of a convict—a victim of the laws he violated, they must be taken with a generous discount." Very well,

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,"

and that the foregoing is the truth, although uttered by a convict, there is not an experienced attorney in this or any other State but who will corroborate the aforesaid—"convict."

In the matter of severer punishment and the fulfillment of the criminal's sentence, advocated by the greater portion of the press, a little charity might not be out of place, even if justice is partially defeated. Suppose the death penalty to be abolished in Ohio, and the State's murderers confined for life, without hope of mercy or prospect of pardon; how many of the "life men" would render service to the State by dragging out their weary lives in toil, without other hope of relief than death? There are one hundred and fifteen life men in the Ohio Penitentiary, and it is safe to affirm, that if the unchristian principle referred to as advocated by unthinking writers was enforced, the remnant of these murderers who might fail to suicide, would require as many guards to watch them, and compel their obedience to rules, as are now employed to do like service over 1900 prisoners.



Homicide and murder are synonymous terms, meaning the "taking of human life." He who slays his fellow man is a murderer, but I would like to make a distinction—not indeed out of any tenderness or respect for the feelings of the murderer—but solely in the interests of humanity and society, too often confused by the indiscriminate use of the epithet "murderer." A murderer then is he who for gain, or revenge, or blood thirstiness creeps upon and slays his fellow man. This is admitted. But is he, a murderer, in the same sense of the term as the midnight burglar, (who assassinates his helpless victim to rob him) who through controversy, or in a fight, or believing himself in danger of his life, slays his antagonist? Or is he a murderer, who in liquor, becomes involved with his friends in a row and somebody happens to be killed? Many more shades might be cited of homicide, voluntary and involuntary, the real victims of which are the life prisoners in the Ohio Penitentiary, under the common appellation of murderers and undistinguished by the press from the professional burglar or highwayman murderer, who kills for gain or to gratify a brutish or rather savage instinct.

"Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar," is used as a figure to denote the semi-civilized condition of the Czar's subjects. I am not far amiss when I assert that if you scratch deep enough the epidermis of the most civilized Caucasian, you will also find a "Tartar" or a savage! Men noted for their amiability or lack of pugnacity for a long life time, suddenly find the demon aroused in them by some unbearable outrage, and they become homicides—or murderers if you will. Crime and criminals are equally abhorrent to them, yet in the mad impulse of a moment they commit the one and become the other. Society very properly regards this class with some sympathy, and hundreds of them—"murderers" though they were—have been pardoned from every State Prison in the United States, with the record still unbroken of a single pardoned man returning to prison for a similar or indeed any other crime. Surely that portion of the press calling for the perpetual imprisonment of such "murderers," ought in the selfish interests of society, if not in a spirit of charity and humanity, revise their opinions.

General Brinkerhoff of Mansfield, the well-known banker and philanthropist, who has given the subject of crime and criminals more thought and study than, perhaps, any other man in the State, in a conversation with the writer (while I was President of the Board of Managers of the Intermediate Penitentiary) emphasized this opinion that the more humane the treatment of criminals the more reformation

would take place in the ranks of society's outcasts. This opinion was elicited from him by views I then entertained and expressed, concerning the severer treatment of criminals in conformity to the rather general, mis-informed conceptions incident to the profession to which I belonged. I have lived long enough to acknowledge the truth and force of General Brinkerhoff's remarks.

I will conclude the subject by hoping that none of my brethren of the press will ever live to have their present false position, on this subject, corrected in the bitter school of experience, through which I have passed and am passing.

I have incidentally mentioned that I was President of the Board of Managers of the Intermediate Penitentiary, and it may be proper to add, that I held the commission under Governor J. B. Foraker and resigned under Governor Campbell. Since 1879, I have held a commission under every Governor of Ohio, except Governor George Hoadly. I was Supervisor of Public Printing under Governors R. M. Bishop and Charles Foster, and Manager of the Intermediate Penitentiary (on the corner-stone of which appears my name—happy contrast to the "rogue's gallery" of my present domicile, where my picture adorns its enlarged and enlarging frame!) under Governors Foraker and Campbell, resigning as stated, during the latter's administration. Governor McKinley finds me still serving the State, but not indisposed to promptly resign on his "notice to quit" with the great seal of the State attached!

In the trial of my case, a witness swore, that the only two things I sincerely believed in were, "a high tariff and the Grand Army of the Republic." While these two *convictions* are in harmony with the two leading principles of the McKinley administration, I do not care to serve under it any longer than I can help! In fact, I am dis-satisfied, and earnestly desire to be no longer identified (in my present capacity!) with this administration, honorable and successful though it undoubtedly is. I am tired of working for the state and I am not only prepared but anxious to retire to private life. I do not care, even if I am succeeded by an enemy. Such a catastrophe cuts no figure with me. Any one can have my job!

I have purposely refrained from touching upon my "crime," trial (?) and conviction. For the information of the benighted reader, who may be unacquainted with the facts, it is only necessary to state, that I was convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to life imprisonment. My brother and myself were jointly indicted for murder in the first degree. He was subsequently convicted of manslaughter, and notwithstanding, that six of his jury voted for his acquittal

and four others desired a milder verdict, the judge (who shed tears as he passed sentence!) gave him the full extent of the law—twenty years! Merciful and sympathetic judge, may heaven reward you! My judge, who was an old and personal friend, “didn’t cry” as he passed sentence on me, but I know he would much rather have been anywhere else than on the bench just then. Stern duty had to be performed, however, and I have always raised my hat in salute—and will now—to the man, judge or soldier who unflinchingly performs his duty.

In this necessarily condensed narrative I cannot even touch upon the one hundred and one interesting matters growing out of my political or public life, my associations with the various Governors of the State, from Thomas L. Young to William McKinley, Jr.; the leaders on both sides I have known, and the inside history of stirring and historical events in which I have participated. It will never possibly be either my desire or my opportunity to record them. One incident, however, among the many, will perhaps illustrate my unfortunate prominence over certain envious fellow journalists, as well as account for the continuance of that hostility which first manifested itself while I was a State officer.

The Government of the United States brought home the remains of the gallant McGahan, an American War Correspondent, who died in Constantinople, after having inspired by his pen the Bulgarians to achieve their freedom. McGahan was justly styled “the Liberator of Bulgaria.” His remains were brought to Ohio’s Capital and the city and State officials, at whose head rode Governor Hoadly and myself in an open carriage, marched in procession to the Union Depot to receive the honored dust. In the rotunda of the Capitol and in the presence of this distinguished assemblage I delivered the eulogy over the remains. Warmly applauded by the Governor and other high officials for the address, an effort was made by a member of the Legislature to insert the eulogy as an exercise in the Public School readers. This distinction and many others of like character—I alone, of my fellows, being honored with the commissions of the different Governors—together with my imprudent aggressiveness, deprived me of their sympathy, and friendship, and to a certain extent, of their professional association.

And now but a few words about the “crime” or “tragedy,” for which I suffer. It had its beginning, as stated, as long ago as 1879, by those who are responsible for, if their hands did not actually fire the fatal shots, but its immediate cause was a personal journalistic controversy with a contemporary. Hundreds of these personal journalistic controversies I had

heretofore, perforce, indulged in, sometimes coming out "second best" and always widening the breach of good-fellowship with one or the other of my contemporaries. I pursued the same tactics in the personal controversy which brought on the tragedy, that I always used towards the rivals I had heretofore engaged with in the domain of "personal journalism." I looked for no more serious results in this particular engagement, than I experienced for the ten years previous in the many encounters with my adversaries. I expected retorts in kind from the parties I was engaged with—that is, reference only to *myself* and my *individual acts*. But the enemy I had engaged now ran up a piratical flag, and instead of assailing myself, they concocted an article so vile on the female members of my family, including my dead mother, that for all eternity, the horror, with which I perused it, will never be effaced from my memory. I could well conceive that my assassination was contemplated by men capable of such an article, and that its publication meant my death or dishonor, or both. Subsequent events—the testimony taken at the trial—confirmed these suspicions, for it was clearly established that the authors had threatened, in presence of divers and sundry persons, and in divers and sundry places, to destroy me and take my life. The State established that I had also made (conditional) threats, but the State, by a ruling of the judge, (which may be good law but is opposed to that human reason upon which law is founded,) kept the article from the jury—the motive for the homicide—providing, I committed a homicide as charged in the indictment. I have before stated that I did not intend to lay the ground work for controversy or indulge in argument. I adhere to that determination, but the indulgent reader will permit this observation—I (according to the State's case,) threatened to kill the man or men who wrote up my family—they, as shown by the testimony, threatened to kill me on sight. My dead adversary, armed—with his pockets full of ammunition, some of this ammunition, loose—saw me coming along a crowded side walk. He was not surprised, I had "no drop" on him. A saloon door stood open behind him. Instead of seeking shelter if he feared attack, he awaited my approach. Opposite each other and face to face, we each remembered the other's threats.

I advanced without seeing him, while he had his eye fixed in deadly stare upon my person for yards before I reached his vicinity. As I approached he exclaimed: "Here comes Elliott now!" and placed himself in position to intercept or cover my passage. I heard the exclamation, when almost within a dozen feet of where he stood, and as I looked in the direction

of the voice my eyes met his, and death flashed in upon my soul from their awful glare. Remembering the decision of the magistrate which outlawed me and which practically acquitted, in advance, any person who shot me—also remembering the wife and babies I had left at home, I determined to defend myself at all hazards. His right hand was in his overcoat pocket, his friends (afterwards prosecuting witnesses) flanked him on either side. I took all in at a glance. But I still resolutely, per force, advanced, and as I approached him his right arm worked like the piston of an engine, making a rapid upward and downward motion, without however, entirely drawing the pistol from his pocket until I was directly opposite and within five feet of his person. Then, quick as a flash of lightning, he drew the pistol to the level of his hip. My soldier training and being early bred to arms, alone saved my life. The eye of one's adversary and not his arm or hand, either in fisticuffs, sword fighting or with fire arms, must alone be watched. Hence my adversary's eye unconsciously telegraphed his action, even before the action itself was completed, and my pistol almost touched the muzzle of his at the simultaneous explosion of both weapons.

We exchanged shots and my adversary was wounded. The State never claimed I killed him. He was subsequently killed by my brother, (while I was under arrest!) whom he shot in two places—in the back and left after arm.

My brother is as innocent of intentional murder or manslaughter, as I am guiltless, in the eyes of God and man, for the death of him who, ghoul like, descended into the grave of my mother and, savagely tearing the cerements asunder, made a ghastly exposition of that sainted being upon whose bosom I rested my infant head, from whose travail I received the boon of—life!

Enough! To God I leave the final judgment of this case, and to Him I confidently look for a reversal of that human condemnation which has torn me from the arms of a weeping wife and six young children, which has swept away the savings of a life time, and while consigning me to the unspeakable horrors of a living death, decrees, perhaps, a worse fate to the unprotected and fatherless children, who are thus ruthlessly orphaned to—"protect society!"

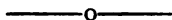
"Conspiracy to murder," the charge upon which I have been condemned, is as foreign to my character as is cowardly assassination. My temperament and disposition have been too often taken advantage of by my enemies, for even their hatred to believe that my open and aggressive character could be moulded into a slinking, cowardly conspirator. A man whose

soul is numbed by the ignoble routine of imprisonment—to whom a day is a year and a year a dreary stretch of eternity, whose weakness is impulsiveness and ill regulated emotion is the very antithesis in character of the plotting, deliberate and cold blooded assassin.

Reader farewell! One life prisoner, upon whose hands rests, not the "murder" nor the homicide of any human being, accepts his fate from a country he shed his blood to defend.

When in the day and in the night time the faithful wife and innocent children, whom destiny has robbed me of, pass before my mental vision, with their outstretched hands and streaming eyes, nature asserts itself and in the anguish of my soul, with bowed head and penitent heart I cry aloud to heaven, *Mea culpa! Mea culpa!*

WILLIAM J. ELLIOTT.



## BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

TELEGRAPHIC advices state that a large addition to O. P. society may be expected from Cleveland as soon as the spring term of Common Pleas Court adjourns. A large number of "colonists" are enrolled on the transportation clerk's books.

A Youngstown report gives rather a discouraging outlook. It says: "The county officials and fly-bobbies have turned honest, and there is now no stealing going on here—for the first time in year."

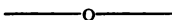
The Dayton jail is so crowded, we are told, the inmates' legs and arms are sticking through the windows. Our informant did not give the number of fly-cops having quarters there.

Business dull at Toledo and the police all drunk. Court rooms converted into poker joints. Spring crop won't be half an average yield.

Outlook unpromising at Urbana. Turning Republicans out of jail to assume official positions at the O. P.

The usual allowance of "settlers" has arrived from Cincinnati and our informant says there is more to follow.

Jail at Findlay turned into a Salvation Army barracks.—*Convict Comforter, Feb. 6, 1892.*



That story about Postmaster Helvie reporting a man for "licking" a stamp proves to be without foundation, and it was put in circulation only for political effect.



WM. C. GOETZE

## O. P. POSTOFFICE..

The author of this history, having had experience in the O. P. Postoffice, knows what he says, when he tells the reader that right in this postoffice one sees more queer letters than in any other postoffice in the State. Uncle Sam has nothing to do with this quaint department, and well it is that he has not, else trouble would surely follow.

Letters are received from the President of the United States, Governors, judges, prosecuting attorneys, jurors, Board of Pardons, fathers, mothers, wives, brothers, sisters, sweethearts, and friends by the hundreds every day, and, of course, replies go out to all, and every word has to be read by the postmaster.

A permit from the Warden or Deputy must accompany each letter that is sent out by prisoners, which must be written upon prison paper, headed and arranged expressly for prisoner's use.

The average for the past year has been a fraction over 3,000 letters, and over 6,000 newspapers received and distributed monthly.

Wm. C. Goetze, the pleasant and accommodating postmaster, is assisted in his work by Mr. Stanley Jones, a life prisoner, who delights in his work of distributing letters and papers to the boys, always making them feel glad and happy.

"What in thunder has become of my papers?" or, "What is the reason I did not get a letter?" or, "When will I get an answer from the letter I wrote to my girl last week?" are some of the pestering questions that are put to Postmaster Goetze, or his assistant Mr. Jones.

It does me good to see the prisoners get good, encouraging letters from home, for it seems to fill their very hearts with joy, and you can see utter satisfaction beaming, like rays of warm sunshine, upon their faces, and for the time they seem really happy. But on the other hand, many letters are sent out and received in this prison postoffice, so stained with tears that you can scarcely decipher them.

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## OLD INDICTMENT OF 1820.

ONE of the queer and quaint documents, yellowed with age, and very dim, dating away back to June, 1824, given by the courts at Canton, Stark County, at the time William Raynolds was Clerk of that County, is the indictment against Abner Pratt for counterfeiting a five dollar bill.

The bank note was on the Ontario Bank, of Canawdaigua, State of New York, N. Gorham, president and H. W. Gibson, cashier. A very rude drawing of the bill occupies an 18 by 6 inch space. The bill was dated February 1, 1820, and called for the payment of five dollars on demand. The writer of the indictment used over 1100 words and closes the document by signing

WILLIAM RAYNOLDS, Clerk,  
Com. Pleas, Stark Co.

— o —

AN exchange remarks that "an ably conducted newspaper is a most potent factor in building up a community and inducing immigration." Correct—send a copy of *The Convict Comforter* back home to your old friends. New settlers are what we want.—*Comforter*.





JUD HOLLAND.

## THE COW FIEND JUD HOLLAND.

ENGLAND had its "Jack the Ripper" but it was left to America, and to Columbus, Ohio, to furnish a more inhuman fiend than was ever yet arrested, tried, condemned, or imprisoned.

For months the city of Columbus and the country at large was startled by the news of cows having been cut to pieces alive, and mutilated in every conceivable manner, until the number reached eight or ten. The vigilant police force had almost given up the search for the crafty villain, when he was discovered carrying pieces of the last cow he had inhumanely butchered in an old dirty basket. It was Jud Holland, a negro, who was arrested, tried and convicted of the hellish crime, and is now serving a 14 year sentence in the Ohio Penitentiary. Study the face of his picture at the head of this article and you will decide at once that it appears more brutal than human. It would have been better for the community at large, and even for the desperate criminal, had the court, instead of the sentence for 14 years, to have given him a life sentence in the Ohio Penitentiary. When questioned by the author when brought into the prison whether he killed the cows or not, he said, sheepishly, "*Yes I did.*"



## PILLS AND POWDERS.

So when a raging fever turns,  
We shift from side to side by turns,  
And 'tis a poor relief we gain  
To change the place, but keep the pain.—*Watts.*

And it is ever thus. We find the words of the poet to be true in our prison hospital, as well as at the bedside of loving friends elsewhere.

Did you ever visit the Ohio Penitentiary Hospital? If not it will be very interesting to you to know what kind of an institution it is and how it is conducted, and by whom. It is the same shape and size of the prison dining room. The ward that runs north and south and which is 125 feet in length by 40 feet wide, is what is known as the surgical ward. In this ward you will find all the patients who have been unfortunate in the loss of fingers, limbs, eyes, and other accidental losses, some of which occur almost daily in the many establishments

where danger lurks in wheel, knife and hammer, and where scalds and burns are very frequent in the founderies.

The other ward is 150 feet in length, the eastern portion being used for a kitchen, where all the food is prepared for the sick inmates. In this ward you will find the invalid and the dying, with all manner of diseases distributed amongst the twenty or thirty patients, some lying on their cots, some sitting in chairs and others taking light exercise in walking the length of the hall. The usual time for going to the Hospital is 9 o'clock in the morning, when all prisoners having applied for permits are taken to attend sick call.

Sometimes the boys "play off," and are often prescribed No. 22 and sent to their work in the shop. Just what No. 22 is I am unable to say, but the boys say it is flour and sugar, and take the hint ~~when~~ a dose of "this awful doctor's stuff" is given.

"I got No. 90," said a prisoner one day when I met him coming down the stairs from the Hospital, "I must be a very sick man if the doctors give me such a way-up number, its a wonder they didn't keep me in the Hospital."

"Say boss; I'se neber gwien up in dat Horspistol agin, now I'se tellin' you de God's truf!"

"Why not Colie?"

"Good gosh-a-mity, if you'd a seed what I seed, den you wouldn't ax me why! Wen I was up dar jis now dem doctor fellers were skinnen a feller; dat's a fact, boss, dey were takin' great big hnnks of skin off of him bigger'n a bushel basket. Dey sed he done scalded hisself in a biler. Jes 'sectise me I'se done wid dat Horspistol, I is."

This was told by an aged darkey as he went hobbling to the Idle House, frightened so badly that I really detected a "prison palor" on his face.

"You have been eating soap again," said Dr. Tharp, to a sickly looking convict one day, "and if you don't stop it I will send you to the cellar!"

"Good gracious! what a looking hand, why, it's swollen to double its natural size," said Wagenhals, to a prisoner who had answered "sick call" one morning.

"Say, doctor; just make that fellow take his coat off," said one of the prisoner helpers in the Hospital. Off came the coat, and to the doctor's surprise, several yards of wrapping cord was taken off the prisoner's arm. It was an old trick.

Fingers have been cut off, moulten iron poured in shoes, horribly burning the feet, and great gashes are sometimes cut in the flesh to get a "lay off" and keep from working.

Doctors have been imposed upon so often that sometimes

really sick prisoners are suspicioned and sent down who need medical aid.

Dr. Wagenhals is Physician-in-Chief of the Hospital. Dr. Tharp, attends to the wants of the sick during the day, and Dr. Stewer, takes the night watch.

In cases of accidents, which are liable to occur at any time, or in cases of sudden sickness, the patient is at once taken to the Hospital and duly cared for.

Sad partings of friends are witnessed here almost daily. Often the ominous click of the white horse's hoof beats are heard in this doleful place—the angel of death throws the deadly lance and a prisoner's soul is released and borne to the realms of an eternal existence. Loved ones were at the bedside, called by a hasty message, often the first word from the erring son for many long years. The parting is sad indeed, and, hundreds have been the last "good byes" that have closed the parched lips of prisoners forever. Let us drop the curtain and shut out this terrible dark picture of sadness, sickness and death.

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## IT WASN'T WHISKY.

THE other day a philanthropical old gentleman who was visiting the O. P., engaged in conversation with an old resident.

"May I ask on what charge you are detained?" queried the visitor.

"They say I took up three shoats that didn't have my earmarks. I am innocent, though."

"Poor old man! Do you ever drink anything?" asked the old gentleman in a lower tone.

"Yes sir-ee! Let's mope around behind the pump house," replied the old reprobate with joyous expectancy.

"Tut, tut, my good man; you misunderstand me. I merely inquired if you are in the habit of using intoxicants as a beverage."

"I do when I can get 'em," replied the ancient sinner, "but it's a jam long time between drinks in here, sure's you're born."

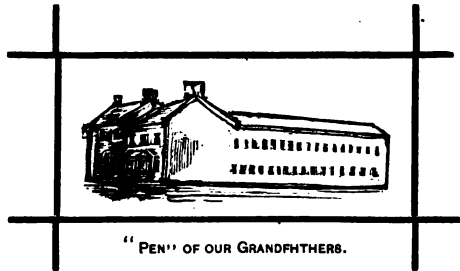
"Well, now answer me candidly," resumed the visitor when he had recovered his breath, "Don't you attribute your downfall to intemperance? Don't you honestly believe that whisky is responsible for your being here?"

"Whisky h—ll!" indignantly exclaimed the old convict, "It was that dodgasted Athens county sheriff!"

## A GLIMPS INTO THE PAST

THE accompanying cut is a faithful reproduction of the architect's drawing of the original O. P., which was opened for the reception of guests in 1815. The old pen was situated down the river, about a mile south of the present institution. The resistless tide of progress and the destroying hand of time have, however, effectually obliterated the old prison, and to-day not a single relic remains to mark its site.

Comparing the cut with engravings of our present palatial abode forces the conclusion that the old-time robbers and horse-thieves did not enjoy any of those little comforts which makes prison life so popular with their descendants of the present



"PEN" OF OUR GRANDFATHERS.

day. They knew nothing of steam heating, water-works, electric lights and the "humming bird." On winter mornings we lie abed until breakfast is ready, when a valet paid by the State knocks gently at the door and inquires sweetly whether we will go down to the dining-room or have breakfast brought up to us. In the good old days, the prisoners would be hustled out at 4 a. m. by the Warden himself. One man would have to make the fires, another chop the wood and milk the cow and another would play dry nurse to the baby while the Warden's wife prepared breakfast for the menfolks. Instead of sleeping on spring mattresses and goosehair beds as we do, the old time Zebras courted the drowsy god under a wet-elm tree in the back yard or hung out in the haymow. And when one of the gang stayed out in town later than 9 o'clock at night, he would find himself barred out in the cold world until the Warden routed the other boys in the morning. Their games and amusements were of the most primitive sort. Instead of base ball, lawn tennis and croquet, they played the ancient game of leap-frog; seven-up or old sledge supplied our most scientific pastime of draw poker and the more seductive

game of "craps." Yes, we of a later generation have much to be grateful for. The higher grade of refinement we have attained and the untiring march of progress have rendered it possible for us to enjoy blessings and comforts which were absolutely unknown to our horsethief ancestors, who dwelt in quiet simplicity in the good old days that are forever gone.

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MILES OGLE.

## A CELEBRATED COUNTERFEITER.

MILES OGLE is, perhaps, one of the most noted prisoners inside the walls of the Penitentiary at the present time. In the following narrative, written by himself, he makes some disclosures which, while not improbable, are neither vouched for nor disputed by the author of this book. That he has been held in dread esteem by the United States authorities because of his superior expertness as an engraver of counterfeit plates, goes without saying, and that the agents of the Government left no stone unturned to put him "out of harms way" is easy of comprehension. Miles is ageing fast, indeed, he is pretty well along in years, and, his present sen-

tence of fifteen years, leaving out the fact of his failing eye sight, precludes the possibility of this celebrated criminal being of any further or future danger to Uncle Sam.

OGLE'S STORY.

"I begin with the year 1877. I was tried in Pittsburgh, Penn., for having in my possession counterfeit plates and counterfeit money of various kinds, and being found guilty, I was sentenced to the Penitentiary of Allegheny City for a term of eight years. I spent a large sum of money, in various ways, for a commutation of this sentence or to secure a pardon, in which I failed and had to serve out my term. In consequence of this first failure to secure a little mercy I became consequently foolish—which I thought was smartness—and I left the prison determined to get even. I almost immediately went to work engraving plates, and amongst the rest of my product, I cut a plate for a twenty dollar silver certificate, and shortly after a ten dollar plate on the Third National Bank of Cincinnati. Both of these productions were fair specimens of the engraver's art and more I need not say.

"Fifteen months of a free run since my release from the Allegheny Penitentiary, and I again found myself under arrest at Memphis, Tenn., with three thousand dollars of counterfeit money on my person! My trial and conviction followed, and I was sentenced to six years imprisonment in the Penitentiary at Chester, Ill.

"At the expiration of my term I concluded to reform, and never touch nor handle another plate, nor another dollar of counterfeit money. My experience in crooked work was a dear one, and besides, I found the detectives to be more interested in keeping me in the business than I was myself. Indeed, after giving up to Detective B----- (further mention of whom will be made) all the counterfeit money, some \$25,000 in twenties and tens, shortly after my arrest at Memphis in 1885, the detective made every effort in his power to induce me to consent to a statement he wanted to give the press, that the amount I turned up was \$100,000 or at least \$75,000, "just to make the thing look big, Miles, you know," was the clinching argument of this specimen of a United States officer. He wanted his reputation enlarged, and probably my sentence also!

"After my release from Chester Prison I did nothing that could put me in the clutches of the law, I therefore had no fear of the officers, I traveled around the same as any other citizen. I was often in Cincinnati and St. Louis, and always appeared openly in the most public places, such as the theater

and the hotel and the gambling joints of both cities. In fact, I followed a sporting life, gambling and racing like thousands of others who are on the turf to-day and unmolested.

"In the month of August, 1890, or about seventeen months after my release from Chester Prison, I was arrested in Cincinnati and taken to the Government building, my captor being this same Detective B-----. Here I was thoroughly searched and \$1590 of United States genuine "long green" found upon me, but of course, not a dollar of the "queer," as I had long before given up the business of engraver and counterfeiter. I desire to make a note here which will serve as an explanation to the reader further along, and that is—an engraver or counterfeiter of the currency, State or National, never, under any circumstances "shoves the queer" himself. He simply makes the money to sell. "Shoving the queer," as passing counterfeit money is called, is a distinct business altogether from its manufacture, and no first-class man combines the two branches.

"In my conviction at Memphis, spoken of, I was fined, with costs some six or seven hundred dollars. I had at the time a gold watch and some two hundred dollars in good money. These, however, the Government could not apply to the liquidation of the fine, and I was released at the end of my term of imprisonment.

"Coming back to my latest arrest in Cincinnati—after B----- had thoroughly searched me, I was locked up in the jail and was permitted to see no one. Friends and relatives in vain sought permission to see me, but for the three months I was kept in the Cincinnati jail not one of them succeeded. I was placed somewhat as was Dred Scott, when Chief Justice Tanney decided that he had no rights that either law or man need respect. In both of my former trials I made no defense, knowing I was guilty of the crime charged. I am not writing this little sketch of my former exploits in counterfeiting for any other purpose than to show the injustice done me in the present case.

"Detective M. G. B----- alias M----- R-----, after having endeavored for three long months to work up a case against me in Cincinnati, and interviewing all the thieves and crooked men of his acquaintance, among the rest several prisoners under indictment for Penitentiary offenses, (and who were subsequently convicted and are now in the Pen,) gave it up as a bad job and had me removed to Memphis, hoping in that city to secure the right kind of witnesses.

"Another reason why B----- did not dare to place me on trial in Cincinnati on any charge he might trump up, was the



fact that Hon. Charles Baker, who defended and acquitted Nelson Driggs for counterfeiting in the United States Court, skinned alive the Government detectives, and showed conclusively to the court and public that the Government detective wanted to send Driggs to the Penitentiary, so that he (the detective) might enjoy Driggs' wife! The press of Cincinnati contained a full expose of this outrageous attempt to deprive an innocent man of his liberty, thanks to Hon. Charles Baker's masterly defense.

"Now, the celebrated Detective B----- did not want to face Hon. Charles Baker, who was my counsel in Cincinnati, so as stated, I was taken to Memphis, without a day's notice. In Memphis I was charged with passing counterfeit money, thirteen months previously. Detectives who know their business will bear me out in the statement, that even if I was in the counterfeit plate engraving business, I would not attempt myself to pass counterfeit money.

"In 1877, in the October term of court in Cincinnati, this man B-----, in the case of one Cummings, charged with counterfeiting, was ordered off the witness stand in open court by Col. Thomas Campbell, who established his (B-----)'s perjury, in the presence of court and jury. Cummings, of course, was acquitted.

"Now this great detective took special charge of my case, and having made so many glaring failures, he was bound, fair or foul, to land me. Hence, he wanted the case tried in Memphis, where he could get the kind of witnesses he wanted—dirt cheap!

"In Memphis as in Cincinnati, his threats and bribes among burglars and thieves, failed to make them available witnesses, so he turned his attention in another and a surer direction, where, in fact, he could command assistance. In and around the Memphis Government and postoffice building a lot of negroes were employed, in one capacity or another. Among these chaps he found his principal witnesses.

Let me quote for the benefit of an incredulous public the kind of testimony which is deemed sufficient to convict a man who has once been in the clutches of the law, no matter how innocent or guilty he may be afterwards. I will state that none of the following evidence was published in the newspapers. It was too rascally to let it out. The first witness was a negro in the employ of the Government:

*Question.* "Do you know this man at the bar?"

*Answer.* "Yes. I saw him on the 14th day of November, 1889. He came in my place of business and bought a plug of tobacco, giving me \$2 bill in payment. I gave him \$1.95 in

change and put the bill in the drawer. Next day I showed the \$2 bill to several parties and discovered it to be counterfeit.

"In reply to further questions, he stated that he had never seen me before or since until he was called upon to recognize me in the jail, thirteen months after he took the bill. He could not tell the names of any other persons in the store at the time, and although it was late evening he could recollect me, but could not recollect any one of his acquaintances who were there at the time!

"When this witness testified before the grand jury he swore one offense against me for the 14th day of November, 1889, and he also swore I committed an offense in November, 1890, although, at this latter date, I was an inmate of the Cincinnati jail! The negro had forgotten his instructions, and B----- alias R-----, was not on hand to prompt him to stick to his catechism. Mr. Cluff, clerk of the court at Memphis, will corroborate the foregoing statement of mine, as he is too much of a gentleman to hide the testimony, if anybody is interested enough to write him.

"With the exception of two other witnesses, all the rest of the testimony is so near like the foregoing, that an unbiased spectator would infer they had all studied under the same teacher and from the same lesson!

"One of the two exceptions was the negro porter about the postoffice. He testified that he could readily recognize me by my face. He admitted that he had never seen me only on the street, half a block away, with my back towards him! What an admirable Government employee this negro is to be sure! Reader, do not smile—this poor perjurer was only a negro, but think of his employers what you please. The other exception was a Dutch convict (B----- was also Dutch) in the Ohio Penitentiary. He had served fourteen months on an eight year sentence when he appeared in the witness box against me. This man's name was John Smith *alias* Falk. He was convicted in Louisville, Ky., for having in his possession counterfeit money. He said he did not know me nor never heard of me until he was some months in the Pen and had an interview with B-----. He then knew enough about me to go any place and do everything he was required—the reward being the promise of a pardon. His testimony substantially is as follows:

"In the summer of 1889, Ogle and myself bought a shanty boat and floated down the Ohio River, making \$2 bills en route."

"He then stated where the boat was bought and where it was sold, and the disposition of the money. But when the

same fellow was arrested with counterfeit money in Louisville, he denied knowing me, and claimed to have received the 'stuff' from a stranger! He testified also in regard to a wound he had, 'that he was shot by a spent ball from a pistol in a poker room in Cincinnati in the spring of 1889.' A spent pistol ball in a room not to exceed twenty feet square! I will now tell all I know about this scoundrel. Immediately after my release from the Chester Prison I came to Cincinnati, and there met an old prison acquaintance who informed me that there was a man in the third story of a negro ranch, on the Levy, who had been shot the night before and was afraid to send for a doctor for fear of detection. This party introduced me to him, as he knew I had some knowledge of medicine. I examined his injury and found he was shot in the hip. I attended him until the 3d of July, 1889, yet he swears at my trial in Memphis, that he was on the boat with me from the month of June until August! But this is not all by any means. After my arrival in the Ohio Penitentiary to serve out my present unjust sentence, I learned some more about this wretch. He boasted at the Pen that he would soon be pardoned, and, in fact he did, in a very short time have his sentence commuted to four full years. This did not correspond, however, with what B----- promised him, so he threatened, unless it was shortened, he would have some revelations to make to the public, which Detective B----- might not appreciate. In order to keep his mouth shut, another whack was taken off his sentence in the granting of good time. Warden B. F. Dyer's son-in-law, an attorney named William Thompson, who lived at the prison, accompanied this fellow Smith and Detective B----- to the place where Smith said we sold the shanty boat. The man was found who bought it but he failed to recognize Smith as the man who sold it to him, and when my picture was shown him, said he never saw the original! Mr. Thompson narrated to me all the incidents of the trip with convict Smith, and the only single fact Smith was able to establish out of his mass of lies was that he did have a shanty boat! His business on the shanty boat as I learned, was to visit and rob the houses of Catholic priests.

"While on the trip, Mr. Thompson, Convict Smith and Detective B----- spent some time in Madison, Ind., and Louisville, Ky., and almost every day the Cincinnati papers contained sensational articles on the important discoveries made of counterfeit money, plates, dies and all the other paraphernalia used by counterfeiters. These articles can be found in the *Enquirer*, especially from September 1st to December 1st, 1890. And now behold the truth! Mr. Thompson states that

B----- and his convict found nothing in the shape of counterfeit money or machinery to make it, and that these articles were all imaginative stories gotten up with a purpose! I may ask, was it necessary to publish such a pack of lies in order to have an innocent man, in the eyes of the public, pronounced guilty before he was tried?

"I will now place before the reader the treatment I received from The Court. At the time of my arrest on my present charge, I had upon my person \$1,590 in good money and no counterfeit, as I had given up the business for good on my release from Chester Prison. Hon. Charles Baker, my attorney, received \$500 of this sum as a retainer, on my order. The Court took charge of the balance, except \$100, which was paid my daughter. This left in the Judge's hands \$980. He immediately sent me a subpoena to appear at the United States Court at Cincinnati, on the first Monday in December, to defend this sum and show cause why six or seven hundred dollars of it should not be paid into the United States Treasury, for my conviction in Memphis years before! And I had paid the penalty of that crime and been discharged. Yet The Court seizes my money, subpoenas me to the United States Court in Cincinnati, after having run me off to Memphis, where I was locked up in a cell and not permitted to even walk in the jail corridor, much less attend a summons to court.

"Why did The Court remove me to Memphis before the day set, by him, for me to defend my money in Cincinnati? Did The Court take my money to satisfy the old fine and costs in Memphis, or did he take it to deprive me of the opportunity to fee counsel in Memphis, to which city he had me removed? Here I was in Memphis, where I learned the charge against me, without a dollar to pay an attorney and no chance to get witnesses.

"I was an easy victim, so was tried, convicted and sent up for fifteen years, and I learn that The Court disposed of \$980 as follows: He paid Hon. Charles Baker, \$490; he paid \$30 for the costs of my trial, and the rest, as I understand, he turned in to the United States Sub-Treasury. The Court of course, didn't think it was necessary to give me any account of it. I may state, however, that the \$490 paid to Hon. Charles Baker meets my approval, although I believe the fact of his being my counsel in Memphis contributed to my conviction, as B----- & Co. owed him one for clearing Driggs, and showing up the perjury and rascality of the United States detective who wanted the wife of Driggs!

"If The Court had placed my money at my disposal I would have secured counsel in Memphis and obtained the at-

tendance of witnesses I was otherwise deprived of I would like to know now if The Court paid the Government the six or seven hundred dollars which he claimed I owed on my old fine and costs, or why he didn't pay it before taking \$490 from \$980, thus leaving the United States Government short of what he claims was justly due it of over \$200, that is, providing, he applied the balance in his hands to the fine and costs, after paying the \$490 to Hon. Charles Baker.

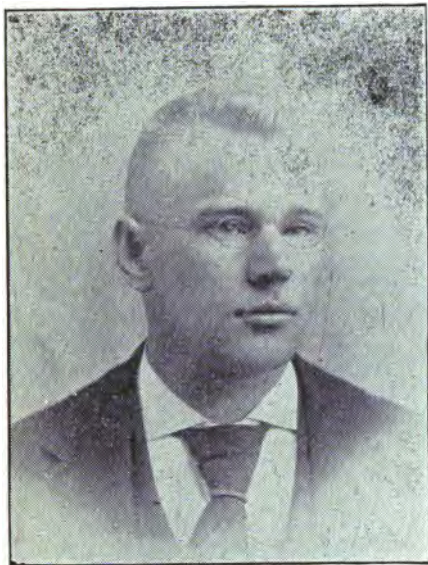
"I have heard since being here that The Court has delivered a number of lectures to the good people of Cincinnati, taking as a subject: '*There is a Devil!*' May it please your honor, when you are tried and sentenced by the Great Judge of all, do you really think that you will escape an interview with that Devil? If it please your honor, I, Miles Ogle, suggest that in your next lecture, you take for the subject of the evening's entertainment, the second and sixth verses of the 18th chapter of St. Luke!

"One word and I close. While awaiting trial in the Memphis jail, I was murderously assaulted, by whom I know not. My nose was split open and I will carry that and other scars to my grave. What will the reader think of the fiendishness of the man, who published next day in the Memphis paper, that I disfigured myself in order to escape identification! And this, too, in the face of the fact that I had already been identified (?) by this man B-----'s drilled witnesses, and identified too in the most peculiar manner on record. For while all the prisoners in the jail were out in the corridors, I alone was locked up—so that I could be identified! The Government negroes would come in and stop when they got to my cell! Even then some of them would pass my cell until they would get the tip, when they would return, and, pointing in at me, exclaim: 'Dat's de man, suah, Capin!'

"To both detectives and counterfeiters, as well as to honest men, it must look strange and absurd that Miles Ogle, 'famous counterfeiter,' (as I am called) should have selected the Government building and the Government employees, in the said building of Memphis, Tenn., to pass, exclusively upon them, two dollar counterfeit bills! Could criminality in making a case and depriving a man of his liberty go further than this?

"The foregoing is a true statement of my case as it stands to-day, and the court records of Cincinnati and Memphis as well as the newspapers published at the time, will bear me out and corroborate the essential facts in this statement.

"Yours respectfully, MILES OGLE."



C. B. SHOOK

## CHIEF CLERK.

**T**HE Clerk's Office is hardly noticed by the visitor to the Penitentiary, except as he purchases his ticket of admission; but it is none the less an essential part of the institution. It is one of the duties of the Clerk to keep the accounts of the prison in such a manner, as to exhibit clearly all the financial transactions relating to it. He pays the expenses of the institution after the accounts have been approved by the managers, by vouchers on the Auditor of State. He receives payment of the accounts due the institution. He pays the officers and guards their salaries. He receives the money belonging to prisoners, which they may have brought to prison with them, earned by doing overwork, or had sent to them from

friends, or received as pension. He keeps an account with each prisoner, on which the latter may draw for the purpose of having purchased for him delicacies, reading matter, etc., or of having money sent to his family. Whatever balance remains to the prisoner's account at his discharge, is paid to him. The Clerk also keeps the accounts of paroled prisoners, each of whom is required to deposit a sum sufficient to defray the expense of his return to prison if he should violate his parole. At the paroled prisoner's final release, his deposit is returned to him.

When a prisoner is first brought to the Penitentiary, the sheriff presents his commitment papers at the Clerk's office, and is given a receipt for his prisoner, and a voucher on the Auditor of State for his costs. The name of the prisoner is entered on the Clerk's register, together with his serial number, crime, term of sentence, county where convicted, date of receipt, his description, and the names and addresses of some of his friends. His time to serve is computed, giving him the benefit of the gained time allowed by law for good conduct. On the Sunday after the regular meeting of the Managers, his name and the date of his discharge, together with those of all the prisoners to be discharged during the ensuing month, is read by the Clerk at Chapel services. When the anxiously awaited day arrives, the prisoner is conducted to the Clerk's office, where he performs the last act required of him before he is restored to freedom—that of signing the discharged list, and receiving five dollars in cash and transportation home, which the State furnishes every prisoner on his discharge. If his conduct has been good, he receives from the Clerk a certificate of restoration to the rights and privileges of citizenship, signed by the Governor. When all is completed, he is given a hearty grasp of the hand, and with wishes of "God-speed" leaves the Clerk's office, a free man, with the earnest purpose, let us hope, of leading the life of an honorable and useful citizen.

Samuel A. Sternberger, the present incumbent, takes great pride in his work and files with the Board of Managers every month, a neatly tabulated statement of the accounts of the financial working of the prison for the month previous.

His work is always found correct, and with the thousands of dollars passing through his hands every month, every item is found right when inspected by the Board of Managers.

Mr Koehne is ably assisted in his arduous work by Mr. C B. Shook, who also delights in the accuracy and neatness of his clerical work.

## GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

THE ravages of that grim decimator, the Board of Pardons have left an aching void in our community. Many old landmarks have lately disappeared from our midst, and there are numerous vacant chairs at the festal board. Many a familiar voice is silent when the "humming bird," wings its early morning flight, and a perceptible shortage in the missionary box bears silent testimony of departed comrades. But while deeply deploring the absence of these friends, our grief is greatly assuaged by the knowledge that for each one who has passed beyond the portals, a dozen eager candidates for admission are industriously trying to butt their way through the walls.—*Convict Comforter, Feb. 6, 1892.*

## PET RATS AND PIGEONS.

"THEY are my angels, and I could not tell you of half the heartaches I have been spared by their cooing whispers of love and sympathy."

These were the words of a man who has seen the smows and flowers of 18 seasons inside the stone wall of the Penitentiary.

Johnson, 10487, a life prisoner, has been the prison pigeon fancier for over seven years. He has at the present 106 of these feathered prison pets, and when he feeds them you can not distinguish the man from a high pyramid of birds. They alight all over him all trying to get nearest his face into which all seem delighted to look. When something is not right in some of the nests one of the old birds will light on his shoulder coo in a piteous way and then fly to the roost. Johnson will then examine that nest and find something wrong, a dead bird sometimes. After every thing is made cozy again the pigeon that asked the favor, examines the nest, finds every thing right, and again flies to his shoulder, this time it coos quite different, more happy, and Johnson said, "He seemed to thank me." One of his most favorite birds will sit for hours on his shoulder stick its little bill in his ear and sleep as sweetly as a babe would in its mother's arms.

A Cincinnati gentleman bought three pair of these pets of Mr. Johnson and took them home one evening. In the morning what was Johnson surprise to see two of the birds alight.



on the roost weary and tired, having winged their way from Cincinnati; next, two more made thier appearance, and in four hours after the other pair arrived. They were never outside the O. P., walls before, and their keeper told the writer that they never should go out again. "I would not kill one of them for the world" said Johnson when asked if he ever feasted on any of the plump fat ones.

Rats are as plenty in the Penitentiary as bed bugs are in the cells of range 5, of A and B block: And if hungry will come right in the cells and take bread from under the prisoners pillow. When the whistle sounds for dinner and supper the little frisky grey inmates come out of their hiding places by hundreds and are ready on the dining room floor, to catch the mucn prized crumbs that fall while the prisoners are eating.

The keeper of the Catholic Chapel some years ago, had several pet rats in that hall which would eat out of his hand and crawl in his pockets to get food. One of these animals met a horrible death though by his very tameness. He ventured too close to the cell of James Brown a crazy prisoner, who caught it and sucked the warm blood of the animal.

—o—

## A NEW DEPARTURE.

AT the last regular meeting of the Board of Managers an order was promulgated requiring night guards to wear rubber boots while on duty, so that they might not wake each other from their slumbers. This new requirement meets with sincere approval. The night screw in the West hall informs the reporter (confidentially, of course) that he enjoyed only five nights of unbroken sleep last week, on account of the other farmers drilling up and down the corridors with their plow shoes on. *The Convict Comforter* would suggest that all night screws be required to grease the soles of their brogans, so that they will be able to slide instead of drag their number eleven's over the flagging. When it comes to the adoption of inovations and new ideas; our community will always be found at the head of the procession.

—o—

"IDLE HOUSE"—rates reasonable; patronized exclusively by invalids and gents of leisure; open year round.—*Convict Comforter*, Feb. 6, 1892.

## MORGAN DUG OUT.

BY THE ASSISTANCE OF CONVICT S. D. MILLER.

Startling Confession After 30 Long Years—A Boy Plays  
Traitor to Uncle Sam by His Thoughtlessness.

THE raid of General John Morgan and his army through Southern Ohio, and the subsequent capture of the famous band of bandits, and their imprisonment in the Ohio Penitentiary, has made the most remarkable pages, perhaps, in our Civil War History. It is needless to expect it here, I will say however, that General Morgan and six of his most favored captains, escaped from the prison sometime during the night of November 27, 1863. To say that every thing was confusion and excitement, when on the morning of November 28th, the startling discovery was made that the noted general had made good his escape with six of his confederates, is not putting it half strong enough.

How the air passage was discovered through which Morgan and his men made their escape has always been a mystery to everybody. Who told them how the cell block was constructed?

When Governor David Tod wrote the letter of inquiry asking a full investigation of the deplorable occurrence, he little thought that a prisoner, a mere boy at that time, had given the Confederate officers just what they wished, above all things, the very *key* to their unpleasant situation. Neither had Governor Tod the faintest idea of how the prisoners had received the valued information when he wrote this letter to Warden Merion, after a searching and thorough investigation had been made by two State officers and the Penitentiary officials.

Here is a *fac simile* of the Governor's autograph letter which has never been published before :

GOVERNOR TOD'S LETTER.

THE STATE OF OHIO,  
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,  
COLUMBUS, DEC. 11, 1863. }

*N. Merion, Esq., Warden of Penitentiary :*

DEAR SIR:—Deeply chagrined and mortified as I was to hear of the escape of John Morgan and six other Confederate prisoners, I am glad to know from the report of Messrs. Wright and Hoffman, just handed to me, that there is not the slightest evidence to be found of fraud or corruption on the part of any of the officers, either civil or military, concerned in their custody, nor on the part of any individual or citizen without or within the prison, but that the sole reason for their escape is to be found in the misunderstanding between General Mason and yourself, as to which of you should, after the 3d of November, be responsible for and have the care of the inspection of the prison cells. To avoid danger of a like occurrence I have now to request that you take upon yourself the entire charge and responsibility of the safe keeping of the prisoners. That you and you alone select and employ all guards and other assistants which you may deem necessary for a faithful and vigilant discharge of this duty.

You are at liberty to make requisition upon me for everything necessary to enable you to comply with this request and it shall be promptly furnished you. I have furnished Colonel Wallace, the now commander of this post, with a copy of this letter of instructions, and ordered him to conform his action thereto.

Resp'y yours,

DAVID TOD, Governor.

And for the benefit of a *waiting* public, (waiting for a *man* to die so that it can be proven that General Morgan had a band of helpers in Columbus and *did not dig out*.) I publish the following statement of an expert and his assistant, appointed by Warden Merion to look carefully into the way the escape was effected. This is taken from the original document.

THE EXPERT INVESTIGATION.

*Captain N. Merion, Warden, Ohio Penitentiary :*

SIR:—Pursuant to your request, I took an assistant and examined that part of the cells, and the cell house, from which John H. Morgan and six of the prisoners confined with him, made their escape on the night of the 27th of this month.

Clearness and brevity requires a short description of the cell block and house in which they, with others, were confined.

The cell block is about 160 feet long, 20 wide, and 40 high. It is built of hammered limestone, and, in such a manner, that the doors of which (the cells) are all on the sides, are the only external openings. There are five ranges of cells, one above the other, with thirty-five cells in each range. The doors are lattice work, of two-inch bar iron, opening outward, and strongly secured. The cells opening on opposite sides of the block are separated by a center wall of brick running parallel with the fronts, and those on the same side by tranverse brick walls. Each cell, except those in the highest ranges, is closed above by a brick arch which rests on the tranverse wall, and supports the floor of the cell above it.

The cell house is a stone building, the walls of which are eleven feet distant from the cell block. The intervening space is flagged, and lighted with gas at night. This space has been the walk of the prisoners by day, and the first or lowest and second ranges of cells, those in which they have been locked at night.

The foundation of the cell block consists of three parallel walls with end walls, all of unhewn stone. The middle parallel wall being the foundation of the center brick partition wall before mentioned. The space between the outer and center wall is six feet. An arch of twenty inches curvature rests on these walls, and runs from the extreme west end of cell block to the east wall of the cell house, and forms the cover of what was intended for an air chamber. This chamber has two transverse partitions, with an air way through each. An opening, eighteen inches square, secured by an iron grating, formerly admitted external air to the chamber, but is now closed by a bank of coal. The floor conforms to the original eastern slope of the ground on which the cell house stands. At the west end of the chamber the space from the floor to the center of the arch is about thirty inches, at the east end it is five feet six inches. The cells stand across this chamber, the arch of which is composed of three courses of brick; the lower set on end, the second and third on edge, making eighteen inches of brick work, set as usual, in lime mortar. On this, a floor-bed of lime mortar, of the depth of three inches at the center of the arch, receives the cement floor of the cells, which is three inches thick; thus making the vertical distance from the top of the floor to the center of the arch beneath twenty-four inches.

To obtain access to this chamber, a small opening was made at the left inside corner of cell No. 20. The thickness of cement, lime mortar, etc., between the surface of the floor and the top of the arch, at this spot, is about twenty-six inches.

The foundation wall being thicker than the partition wall of the cell, the opening being close to the latter, caused a bend in the opening which is now at the surface, about thirteen by fifteen inches diameter. The selection of this spot had reference to the comparative danger of discovery. I saw no indication of the use of any other passage than this in going in and out of the chamber previous to the night of the escape, and though, now the most difficult among seven, was, I believe, the only one used.

The stone foundation on which the arch of the chamber rests, presents a verticle face of thirty inches, at the point selected for digging the passage to the outside of the cell house. That is, the wall, between the floor and the bottom of the arch is thirty inches high. The lower stone seems to have been loosened and removed by scraping out the dirt beneath it. Others in the same way, until an irregular arched hole was made through the wall, at one place five feet wide and ascending to the brick work of the arch, none of which was disturbed. When the dirt was reached, a right angled hole, eighteen inches wide and thirty high was commenced. This was carried forward and downward, widening as it went for about five feet. At this point it is thirty inches wide, and from it continues, of the same width and horizontally, to the wall of the cell house. The wall being reached, it seems to have been necessary to scrape out more of the bottom of the passage in order to reach and loosen the lowest stone of the wall. The depression thus formed has filled with water. The stones taken from the hole made through the wall of the cell house, were passed back into the air chamber. The hole when finished was smaller than that made through the foundation of the cell block.

I saw no evidence that the ascending hole made on the outside of the wall of the cell house had been fully opened to the surface of the ground, previous to the night in which it was used to escape. I think it had not been so opened.

The openings from six of the cells into the air chamber had been formed below, and in the same manner. That is, from the center of the arch, the brick work with the mortar above it, had been taken down without disturbing the cement flooring of the cells. A sufficiency of which had been removed to permit the easy passage of a large man; the rubbish remains where it fell. *The appearances indicate that a noiseless push of the foot broke down the cement flooring at the proper time, AND OPENED A FREE PASSAGE.*

I saw no appearance of any work having been done to any of the cells with a view to open a passage from them, except

to the seven mentioned, and do not think any such was done.

The air chamber is dry and absolutely dark. The stones and dirt removed from the passage were piled in the chamber east of the opening, and form an irregular heap twenty-four feet long, of the average depth of sixteen inches.

Some of the implements used in the work, the most efficient of which seem to have been the common table knife used by the convicts, had been removed by persons visiting the chamber before me. I found three fixtures used as candlesticks; two table knives as above described; some pieces of candles; a small wooden box; and two wooden wash dishes, same as used by convicts.

Respectfully,

J. N. DESDLEM.

*Office, Ohio Penitentiary, Columbus, Nov. 30, 1863.*



MILLER TELEGRAPHING TO CAPTAIN ROBERTS.

**MILLER'S CONFESSION.**

"The Ohio Penitentiary" has been a theme upon which many have written, both inside its gloomy walls as well as

outside. It is a prison whose history is full of thrilling experience and romantic adventure. Matter for many intensely interesting books have occurred within its walls during the long years of its existence, and it is my intention in this sketch to give an account of one or two incidents of prison adventure that occurred seventeen, and thirty years ago, and have never yet appeared in print. The one event, in relation to General Morgan and his men who were confined here in 1863, is every word true. But I want it distinctly understood that I then did not know or realize what I was doing when I gave them the only tools they had to make their escape with. I was then only a boy, and what I did was in a spirit of adventure, and for the purpose of breaking the terrible monotony of prison life, as it was then. It was not because I favored the South, for I did not, but simply because they were, as I was, prisoners in the O. P.

General John H. Morgan and over sixty of his officers—I have forgotten the exact number—arrived here as prisoners of war on the 30th day of July, 1863. They were locked in the second and third ranges of the south side of east hall. The Toy Shop company was locked in the first range, now called first B. I was employed in the Toy Shop and my work was to paint birds and flowers on baby carriages—A. M. Denig and Dr. Ide were the contractors

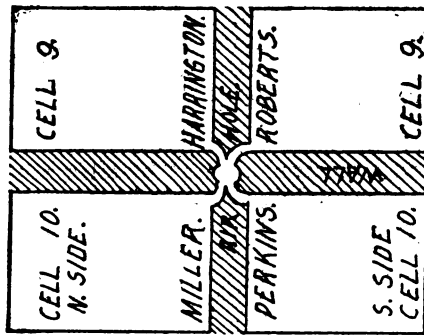
A few days after the "rebels"—as they were called—arrived here, the Toy Shop company was transferred to what is now second A, east hall. I occupied cell No. 10. Morgan and his men were then locked in first and second A, and a high board fence, that reached up to and enclosed the second range, was put up, shutting them away from the other prisoners. The prison officers and guards had charge of them for a month or two when they were turned over to the care of soldiers, who afterwards guarded them. Besides the sentries who guarded the outside of the stockade that enclosed them, they put a soldier in each guard house with the wall guard.

At first Morgan and his men were allowed a great many privileges inside their stockade. They were out of their cells all day and were not locked up until we were in the evening. But when the soldiers took them in charge the most of their privileges were taken away—the Warden, Captain Merion, and the commanding officer receiving instructions from General Burnside to allow no one to visit them, to allow no clothing whatever, except needed underclothing. No newspapers were allowed and all their letters were to be examined.

They were very anxious to obtain news of the war, and did everything they could to obtain newspapers and to speak to

State prisoners whenever they could to obtain news. But they were closely watched, and there was only one way by which they could—by running a great risk, talk to the State prisoners on the north side of the block.

When this cell block was built, the architects intended to improve the ventilation in the cells by having an air chamber running under the lower cells, the length of the block, from this air chamber, there was a hole running up to the top of the block. This chamber ran up to the point where the corners of every four cells met—two cells on the south and two on the north side. From this center hole there was an opening to each cell as shown in the cut. This hole was made small



enough to prevent an ordinary sized hand from entering it. Through this hole the prisoners could talk to each other, but it had to be done in a whisper, for it was certain and severe punishment to be caught at it. Then there was another disadvantage, the man next to you and the two men on the other side, as well as those above and below you, could hear what you said as plain as the man you wished to speak to.

I was here a prisoner when this cell block was built, and saw just how these holes were arranged, and I concluded that if I could get my hand up to the first turn I could get a wire over to the opposite side. I was but a boy and had a very small hand, and by a little turning and twisting I succeeded, and after fishing around, my wire entered the hole leading into Captain B. E. Roberts' cell, No. 9. He drew the wire over, and to this was attached a thread, which we left in the hole. I then prepared a bag or sack from oilcloth, about six inches long and in an elliptic shape, the ends being gathered together and wound so as to make the ends come to a point,



each end having a wire ring fastened in it to hook a strong cord. The white thread that was left in the hole all the time was broken off high enough up to prevent it being seen, and to each end was attached the bobbin of a sewing machine. When either of us wished to call the attention of the other, we would pull the thread gently up and down, and the noise the bobbin made notified us that there was a message. I always kept the sack in my possession, for fear it might be found if left with Captain Roberts, as they were searched quite often.

We corresponded every night and I received notes and letters from Colonel Basil Duke, General Morgan, Captains Perkins, Hines, Taylor, Colonel Dick Morgan, Major Bullit and several others, and I was assured by them that there was not another man on our side corresponding with them in this way, for none could get their hands into the hole. They were very anxious to get newspapers and gave me the money to get them. I got them through the drayman for Denig & Ide's contract, by paying him well. But it was the next thing to death to have even a piece of newspaper found on us those times.

One evening I received a note "by telegraph," as we named our way of corresponding, from Colonel Basil Duke, in which he asked me if I could draw a plan of the prison, and in particular, of the cell block we occupied. He asked me about the air holes in our cells and where they started from, it under the cells or just from the lower range up. I drew a sketch of the prison yard as it then was, and also explained to him all about the air chambers under the cell block, telling him I was here when they were dug and saw just how they were arranged. I sent this and a note the next night, and in a few days received a note of thanks from him.

Captain Roberts wrote me one evening that his companions, as well as himself, would like to see what kind of a looking boy I was, and asked if I could manage to get where they were so they could get a look at me. No prisoner was allowed to go on that side of the block. All the prisoners who occupied the cells above them were put into other cells. But I thought of a plan. Morgan and his officers would go to the dining-room for their meals immediately after the prisoners had all left it. On account of my being only a boy and the youngest prisoner in here, I was allowed a great many privileges. So I wrote him that next day while they were eating dinner I would come to the dining-room, and would have a paddle painted red with the word "pass" on it and a bottle, as I would make the excuse that I wanted some vinegar. I did so, and that night I received a note stating that the men were all favorably impressed with my appearance.

About the 1st of November my mother came to visit me, and I, of course, told my friends on the outside of it, and sent over what I could to Captain Roberts of the "good things" she brought me. They asked me if I could slip some letters to her and if she would mail them. My mother was going to be here for three or four days and they allowed me to see her every day during that time, so I told him to have letters ready the next night as I knew mother would mail them if I asked her. I intended to tell her they were letters written by State prisoners to their friends and she would be more apt to do so, from the fact that we were only allowed to write once every three months, and then only six lines besides the address.

The next night I received over our "telegraph" route three packages, twenty-one letters in all, addressed to people in Tennessee and Virginia. I can only remember one address, which was to "Miss Emma Oats, Monticello, Wayne county, Virginia."

These letters I did up in as small a package as possible, and when mother came that afternoon I slipped them into her muff as I sat by her side in the guard room—for in those times the guard room had no bars to separate us from our friends. I told mother to mail part of them in Crestline, part in Mansfield and the rest in Wooster. In a week or so after I received word through Captain Roberts that *every letter safely reached its place of destination.*

Shortly after this they asked me if I could procure some knives for them, such as we used at the table only sharpened to a point. They explained that before they left the table every knife and fork was taken up, to prevent any of them from secreting one and taking it to their cell. There was no such rules with us, and every day I carried one or two to the shop, and being alone in my room where I ornamented the bodies of baby carriages, I would knock the handle off and drive the shank of the knife in the edge of my work table, file it to a point, then put the handle on and pass it over at night. I sent over fourteen in this manner, and no doubt would have kept on until all of them would have been supplied with a knife, but the men who had them in charge, made an unexpected search one day, and Major Bullit was so unfortunate as to have one found on him. This happened near dinner time, and after dinner the officers turned everything upside down in the cells and thoroughly searched their persons in their endeavor to find more knives. But they found none, for what knives could not be secreted in a safe place they took with them when they went to dinner and dropped them in the sawdust on the dining-room floor.

Major Bullit was placed in the dungeon to make him tell where he got the knife. Those were anxious days for us all, and in particular for me, but I was assured by the men that Major Bullit would never tell. They kept him in the "hole" for forty days and then carried him to the hospital to save his life. But he never told or hinted as to how he came by the knife. I think the Major was in the "hole" when Morgan escaped.

A few days afterward they asked me to send over two or three knives just as they were, but to get the longest ones I could. I did so, and these were the tools they used to dig their tunnel. But I knew nothing about their plans, as I did not ask, but when on the morning of Nov. 28, 1863, I heard of the escape I understood for what purpose the knives were used.

That evening I got a message from Captain Roberts, who told me of the fuss they had when it was discovered in the morning that General Morgan and six of his men had escaped. Said he in his note: "Merion the vigilant came rushing down to their quarters and ran to cell 35 on the second range, revolver in hand, and looking in saw Colonel Dick Morgan, and thinking it was the General, went back saying: 'I don't give a damn if they all had got away so Morgan is left.' Then we commenced to sing such songs as 'Lock your Stable Door Morgan is Around' and 'Look Out Morgan is Coming,' for we saw that he had not yet discovered the change made by General and Colonel Dick. But they soon found out the fact that General Morgan was gone. Then our feathers went up and theirs went down. We have been locked up in our cells nearly all day and a soldier is marching up and down each range all the time. We will have to be very careful for a few days until the "Yanks" get over their soreness."

For three or four days we did not use our "telegraph," when one evening Captain Roberts gave me the signal that there was a message, I sent over the mail-bag and it soon came back with notes from both Captain Perkins and Captain Roberts. Captain Perkins was sick and asked me if I could get him an apple, saying that he was constipated. Captain Roberts wanted to know if I could get my mother to come and visit me if they gave me the money to pay her expenses. They wished to send some more letters out, and had no way to do it but by me. I could get any letter of my own taken out and mailed by the drayman for our contract, but I was afraid to risk any of their letters with him. I had the drayman bring me in some apples the next day and also mail a letter to my mother, telling her to come here immediately. She came the next week and I was ready for her with several letters my

friends had written. Captain Roberts instructed me to be careful of them, and if there was the least chance of being discovered to burn them. But I got them to my mother all right. I gave my mother \$60 of my money as I was then making over a dollar a day overtime.

The evening I gave Captain Roberts the message that the letters were safely on the way, he wrote a long letter on the love of a mother for her child. One part of it I will never forget, it was as follows: "Oh! who can measure the depth of a mother's love; like the boughs of a tree that are ever extended to receive the weary of wing, so are the arms of a loving and devoted mother ever extended to welcome to her heart her child. No matter if he has broken all laws—human and Divine—he is still her boy, and her mother heart goes out in welcome to him."

When General Morgan and his six companions escaped, there was any amount of rumor and conjectures as to how it was done and how they got their tools, for no prisoners were allowed on the side of the cell block they were on, and they were guarded by soldiers day and night. The authorities never dreamed of our "telegraph" as they, no doubt, thought it impossible to pass anything to them in that manner. But the authorities became satisfied that there had been collusion in some way between them and the State prisoners. It was first thought that Captain N. Merion, the Warden, had been bought to aid them, but that could not be, for they were in the charge of United States soldiers and he had nothing to do with them. Captain Merion was a rough and profane man, and I have heard him say what he would do to those who gave them tools if he could find out who the parties were. But I am very thankful he never found out, and I felt sure he would not, for I believe all of those men—except Lieutenant Cunningham, who Captain Roberts said "was a hanger on for plunder and not to be trusted"—were all honorable gentlemen and would never tell on me.

They never let Lieutenant Cunningham know any of their plans, for they suspected him of being a spy on their actions, and what convinced them that he was one was the fact that shortly afterward he was paroled, and Captain Roberts said they were all glad he was gone.

Some time in December of the year 1863, an unexpected change was made, or rather, two changes, for about this time Colonel Basil Duke was taken to the old Illinois State Prison at Alton, that prison having been turned into a military prison. The authorities considering him the brains of General Morgan's command, Morgan having been nothing more than the

workman to carry out Colonel Duke's plans. They also said that Colonel Duke being removed from the others there would be no more well laid plans to escape.

Shortly after Colonel Duke was taken away all the others were placed in the west hall. The prisoners there having been brought from that hall and locked up in the east and middle hall. In the west hall Morgan's men had it all to themselves.

Of course this broke up our "telegraph" and I saw them but twice after that. One time was when I happened to be in the guard room I looked through the port hole that was there at the time and managed to make some signs. The last time I saw them was through the window on the outside, I had been sent out to the stable to do some painting, and "making a sneak," I got to the window, but before the men who saw me—Captains Roberts and Perkins—could get to the window the clerk saw me and ordered me away.

In the early spring they were all taken away to some fort in the east and I heard of them no more.

Three years after that—in 1866—I was discharged from prison, locating in Columbus. I soon afterwards got married and started into business for myself in what was called the old Stage Stables on Front between Broad and State streets. Dr. Hawkes owned the building and he was my backer. I did well and made money. That fall while telling my wife about Morgan's men, she asked if I had ever written to any of them, I had not but did so immediately. I knew the address of Captain B. E. Roberts and Captain Perkins, who lived in Lexington, Ky. I wrote to both of them. The letter to Captain Roberts was never answered, and in about a month afterwards I received a letter from Captain L. Henry Hines, dated at Frankfort, Ky. He stated in his letter that Captain Perkins was his brother-in-law, and that he was dead, having died shortly after arriving at home. He said he was glad to know that they had at least one friend North of the Ohio river, and requested me to write again. I did so, asking him to give me the addresses of as many of the men who were confined in the O. P. as he could. In his answer he told me where several of the men lived. Captain Roberts was in Louisville, clerking in a boot and shoe store. I wrote to him and soon received an answer, and a very friendly one it was, I was invited to come to Kentucky and live there, saying they would do all they could to aid me to start in business. Besides Captains Hines and Roberts there were several others who wanted me to come to Kentucky to start in business, and I have long

since come to the conclusion that I made the mistake of my life by not going there. S. D. MILLER.

S. D. Miller was sent to the O. P. in 1859 from Cleveland on the charge of kidnapping. He was sent up for seven years and was in the Penitentiary under the name of S. D. Monty. AUTHOR.

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## “BUG HOUSE,”

### *Alias the Prison Asylum.*

IT is often the case in the Penitentiary, as well as in the outside world, that men get “wheels in their head,” and “talk through their hats.” When a “boy” gets in this “offish” state the prisoners call him “buggy” he becomes a bug-a-boo, and to keep him safe so that he can hurt no one, nor destroy himself, he is duly examined, and when adjudged “bugy” is placed for safe keeping in the “Bug House.”

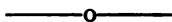
Some horrible tales could be told about the crazy prisoners in this prison. Yea, many books could be written concerning the awfulness of the condition of the inhabitants of this place. Maniacal screams, and oaths that curdle the blood of human beings, at any time of the day or night, can be heard echoing and re-echoing from one cold wall to another, often accompanied by the clashing sound of prisoners trying to beat down the iron doors with bleeding, lacerated hands, distorted faces, and frothing mouths.

Here you may meet and converse with men, supposed happy owners of bushels of gold and silver, close and intimate friends of Lincoln, Grant, Garfield and Harrison; relations of almost all foreign dignitaries, from Queen Victoria down to owners of rail-roads and proprietors of steam boat lines, ministers, doctors, lawyers and indeed every other profession or trade ever heard of.

One poor fellow more noticable than the others on account of his constant walking back and forth like a caged animal, imagined that a conflict was raging between the United States and England, that he was Commander-in-Chief of the English forces, but was captured and held as a prisoner of war, and was looking for the arrival of a mighty fleet which was to release him and bear him triumphantly to his mother country. Poor fellow one dreary night the angel of death released him.

One of the inmates a real southern "colored boy" was certain he saw hosts of horrible ghosts flitting from cell to cell, and would crouch in the corner of his cell almost frightened to death at times. His most dreaded tormentor he imagined was a huge snake, with claws like an animal and wearing the head of a human. He called it "Dat Snake Devil," and would strike with all his power the bars of the cell door with bare fists until his hands would look like raw meat.

One old German, with hair as white as snow can be seen now in his cell, usually with a smile on his face, seemingly as contented as he would be at his own fireside, who is always, in his wakeful hours, *preaching* the gospel. What the text is, or the startling theme taken therefrom cannot be understood. It is known however that he was a soldier in the Prussian Army. God pity the poor prisoner in the "Bug House!"



## THE GREAT AMERICAN BED-BUG.

THE origin of this interesting and inquisitive little insect is not referred to by any text book treating on the subject of entomology, so far as we have observed in our researches. Neither are the little creature's personal peculiarities painted in as luminous tones as a historian intimately associated with him would spread upon the metaphorical canvass.

The Bed-Bug's advent in North America is shrouded in obscurity, yet certain antiquarians boldly assert that he came from Europe in company with Christopher Columbus, in 1492. Up in New England, there is extant an old tradition that the ancestors of the Great American Bed-Bug landed at Plymouth Rock simultaneously with a famous breed of domestic fowls and a celebrated make of three-dollar pants. This legend is substantially to the effect that a certain Puritan dame, who came over on the Mayflower, evaded the revenue officials, and smuggled a male and female Bed-Bug through the custom house in her stocking. We don't believe this yarn, nor will anybody else who is at all acquainted with the Massachusetts girls. Their hosiery is generally so fully occupied that there is no room for a Bed-Bug.

But we digress from our subject. The habits of this hereditary foe of humanity will not bear the closest scrutiny, and his depravity is his chief article of diet. The State of Ohio is in arrear to the writer for about four gallons of rich sanguinary fluid, and when discharged from the O. P., he intends

to bring action for recovery for blood spilt while in the service of the State.

But as an offset to these vices, the Bed-Bug has one redeeming quality. It is his industry and preference for hard work. This trait, however, makes him ineligible to membership in the Farmers Alliance or other labor organizations. He begins work at sun-set and does not stop, even to argue politics, until the orb of day has mounted the eastern heavens. No industrious burglar or impecunious morning newspaper editor ever labors half so faithfully through the "stilly night" as does the energetic Bed-Bug.

The Bed-Bug obeys the scriptural injunction so literally that he multiplies and replenishes the earth at least twice in twenty-four hours. It is claimed by those who have studied the peculiarities of the species that a pair of Bed-Bugs can assume the marriage relation in the evening and join their grand-children at family prayers the next morning before breakfast.

The Bed-Bug varies in size, according to the climate and latitude, from the dimensions of flax-seed to that of a boarding-house batter cake. His plan of construction is like that of a mogul railroad engine—he has three drivers on each side an extension front, a sharp pilot and a duplex injector for keeping his boiler full. His speed is governed only by circumstances, and may be surpassed by a district messenger boy or unequaled by Maud S., or Jay Eye See,

The foregoing applies only to the common, every-day all-round Bed-Bug. The O. P. Bed-Bug is only a distant relative—an uncle by marriage, who has outgrown the family connection. When a "con" goes into his cell at night and finds one of our bugs in his bunk, the "con" immediately surrenders all claims and sleeps on the floor. Reason—the bunk is intended for only one occupant at a time!

An old residenter here relates some amusing personal "experiences" with the O. P. Bed-bug. One of his stories is to the effect that a few years back he forwarded a specimen to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, for a "diagnosis." The bug-master general wrote him a letter, stating that the "reptile was evidently a descendant of the pliosaurus, or closely allied to a South Sea turtle."

A Mechanicsburg, O., subscriber sends us the following "Owed to a Bed-Bug," which we cheerfully print in connection with this sketch of the remarkable insect:

Biting, biting, little Bed-Bug,  
How oft' I wonder where you are,  
Up—upon my pillow so high,  
Almost crawling in my eye.



When the blazing sun is set,  
Then you go for me you bet!  
Then you show you'r "little might,"  
Biting, biting, all the night.

P. S.—The O. P. Bed-Bug does not confine himself exclusively to the "Bug House," but the whole institution comprises his domain.—*Comforter*.

—o—

## THE EDITOR WAS "IN IT."

©LD Geezer, who was last fall defeated for road overseer in the Corduroy district through our efforts, has been on our trail ever since the election, with a musket. Fortunately we avoided an encounter by visiting our wife's people in Darke county, but last Monday he treed us in *The Comforter* office. We tried to reason with the old man, but he insisted in strewing the floor with our fragments in settlement of old scores, and promised utter annihilation if this vile sheet alluded in any manner to his visit. We are sorry for the old reprobate, and we are sorry for his family, but he brought it on himself. We were forced to fight Geezer, and while his back bone is getting itself together, he will have ample time to reflect over the folly of trying to muzzle the press.—*Comforter*.

—o—

## THE MARKETS.

REPORTED by the Superintendent of Resistance. Quotations subject to a change after May 1, 2892.

PORK—Good supply; going down steadily.

COFFEE—Supply short of demand, yet it has weakened several points the last few days.

BEEF—Scarce and in great demand.

POTATOES—Supply steady and regular.

BEANS—Prime Boston in great demand; prices firm.

TEA—Decidedly weak.

WHISKEY—Out o' sight.

KRAUT—A drug on the market.

ONIONS—Short and strong.

BUTTER—Stronger and able to walk.

PRUNES—Supply larger than the demand.

APPLES—Very scarce.—*Comforter*.

## OVATION AND VINDICATION.

IT is not in keeping with the ideas that a prisoner forms while serving a sentence in the Penitentiary, that at the expiration of his sentence he will be met with a brass band and banner, and that at the very first opportunity he will be clothed in the robes of a 'Squire; but strange things happen in this 19th Century. John Dixon, a Georgian, served a sentence in the O. P. and was accorded all these honorary courtesies by his fellow citizens in less than a month after his release. He served a year for using the United States mail to defraud patrons in a slick scheme he conducted through a postoffice or which he was postmaster.

## HE'S IN A HEAP OF TROUBLE.

YESTERDAY a sub-guard called at the office and unburdened himself of a load of woe.

"I'm in a heap o' trouble, an' I don't know what to do," wailed the lady-killer, "but I thought you might be able to give me a grain o' comfort an' a little advice."

"All right, old man, tell us all about it," we urged.

"Well, you see, it's this-a-way; I haint got no boardin' house. Had a racket with the lan'lady, an' I had to git."

"What was the reason of your departure?" we questioned.

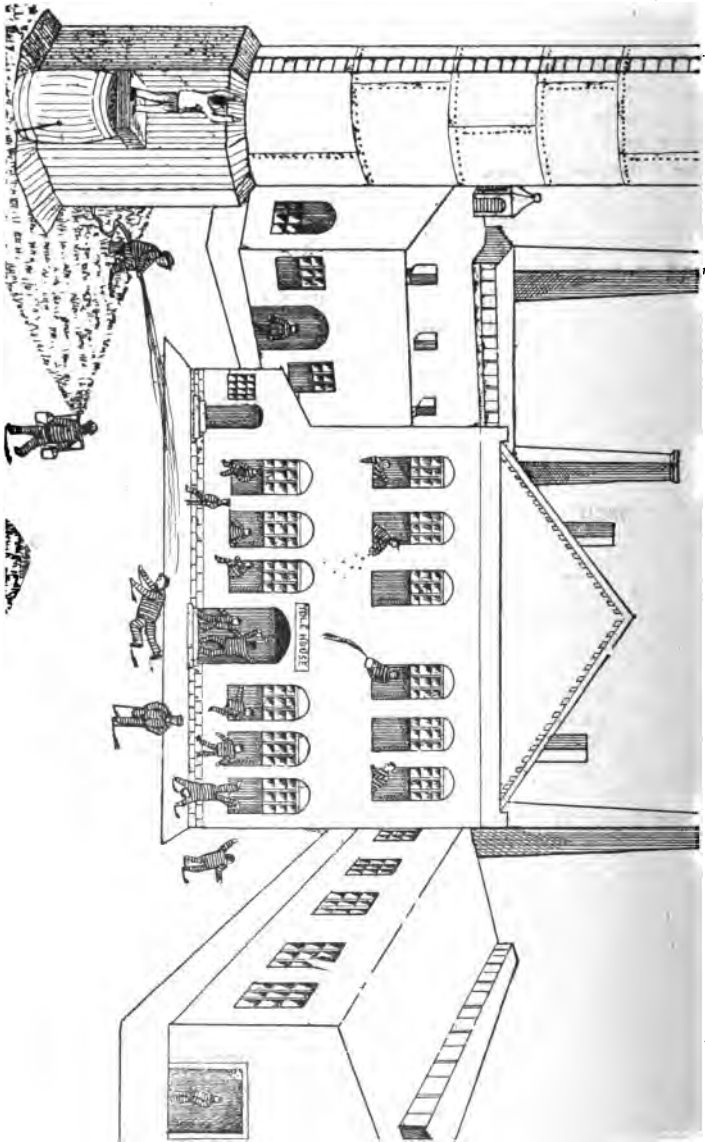
"O, the old lady was sorter cantankerous-like, an' 'peared disposed to find fault with my 'table manners,' as she called 'em. She said I dassent sop my bread in the gravy dish, an' I said I dast. She 'lowed I dassent do it in her house, an' I told her I could blame quick find another place where they wer'n't so derved fine-haired as to kick 'bout a little thing like that."

We advised the guard to get married and go to housekeeping for himself. Then he could "sop" his bread in the gravy dish, or any other dish he chose, without fear of censure for violating the ethics of etiquet.—*Comforter.*

FRESHFISH—"Who is that dignified and severe looking gentleman that just passed—is he the proprietor of the O. P.?"

CODFISH—"Naw! That feller's only a sub-guard, who thinks he owns the Pen."

RED PAINT AND WAR WHOOPS IN THE IDLE HOUSE.



## THE IDLE HOUSE.

WHEN the reader looks at the name James Larney, the first impression will be that here comes something concerning the son of the Emerald Isle. Not so, however, as James Larney was a full blooded Indian, belonging to the famous tribe or confederacy, organized in the early settlement of the South and West, composed of the tribes of the Muskogeas, Seminoles, Uchees and several other minor tribes, all noted for their bloodthirsty natures. This tribe is now known as the Creeks, and being composed of the mingled blood of all these notoriously war loving tribes, it is not strange that this same James Larney, No. 20740, should conceive the idea of a bloody massacre, and that it should occur in the usually quiet and orderly Idle House in the Ohio Penitentiary.

Larney was sent to this prison from the Western District of Arkansas, accompanied by nineteen other desperadoes, and was formally admitted and initiated into the mysterious workings of this noted prison, October 3, 1889. The records say that James was only 31 years of age; was educated in the Creek's language; was a Methodist in religion; a widower, with no children; said he was not guilty; liked "fire water too muchee," and chewed the weed. At the outside of the mammoth pages in the prison record, opposite the bloody Creek's name, written in red ink are the words, "*Died in the Prison Hospital, March 24, 1891.*"

Besides being deprived of a wild life in the far western jungles, or riding the festive war pony across the pathless prairie, this red child of the forest was depressed, body and soul, with a horrible disease which was slowly but surely devouring his very vitality, and dragging its victim to an early grave. He was irritable, and like all his people courted solitude, and would sit in silence for hours on the cold stones, or walk to and fro over the prison grounds.

As calms are sometimes in nature ominous signs of the dreadful storms that devast alike the mammoth oak and the dainty shrub, so was it in the subsequent raid of our "Big Man Lo," in his sudden onslaught upon the unsuspecting and greatly frightened brothers (of the same *uniform* rank) in the Idle House.

One day, without a moments warning, Larney suddenly jumped into the midst of the horrified inmates of this usually very quiet prison resort, crazed with pangs of disappointment and disease, and armed with the favorite weapon of the In-

dian bucks, a sharp hatchet. His object seemed murder, and his victim, any or everyone then in the room, it mattered not to him. (*Look at the picture.*) The guard, taking in the dangerous situation at once, was not long going through a back window, and you now see him trying to make his way up the towering stand pipe. With the deadly weapon upraised, you see the red fiend aiming to sink it deep in some fellow convict's brain. That fellow sitting near the stand pipe with the water hose in his hand is doing his utmost to drown the foe. It is said that a rush, like that of many waters, was heard in that Idle House, and in less than one minute from the time the glaring steel was flashed in the doorway, not a prisoner, nor guard could be found within a square of the house.

It is also told by some of the prisoners that after the battle had somewhat subsided, a weak voice half way up the high water pipe was heard singing, "'Twas Just Before the Battle, Mother," then looking down and seeing a fellow guard, he wanted to know if anybody else was killed besides himself? It took eight or ten guards and the Deputy Warden to capture the wild convict who was found after the excitement in a cell. He was tamed by the drowning process. One colored brother had a very narrow escape, and only saved part of his scalp by the free use of his legs, and to this day, points *with pride* to the ugly scar that separates his kinky fetlock, "That I received in de Ingin wah—you, know."

Several of the boys were obliged to have their pants patched, the rear parts of which were too slow in clearing the windows, and any one to this day may see the hacks and cuts from one to three inches deep on the Idle House sills, where James Larney left his mark.

THE guards have formed an alliance, offensive and defensive, against the new tonsorial artist in the guard's barber shop. The other day six or seven of the guards "went against" the artist and came out as badly disfigured as though they had been in the embrace of a grizzly bear. One of the guards declared that his experience was undoubtedly a repetition of the crucifixion, and Winkel declared that the torments of the inquisition were not a marker to the tortures he endured at the hands of the new barber. But they had their revenge when Captain Cooper, the visitors' chaperon, dropped in to get shaved. By the time the lather had soaked through the alluvial deposit, the barber(ain) went at him with clenched teeth and grim determination. The first rake did the business—the chapron's adamant cheek turned the razor into a rip-saw, and the poor barber fell in a deep swoon.—*Convict Comforter.*

## FEMALE PRISONERS.

THE female department of the O. P. is sought after by sightseers second to the annex. It really is an annex in itself, as it does not stand within the immense high walls that encircle the prison proper. The department is not inviting as some of the private structures on East Broad street, still it is very comfortable and well arranged on the interior.

If you wish to visit this department you are required to pay ten cents for a ticket at the clerk's desk, after which you are taken by the guide, who rings a bell, and a heavy iron door is opened. You first enter the reception room, next the parlor, then the dining room. Pass through the dining room descend a few steps and you find yourself in the laundry and kitchen.

On the second floor you see the cells where the "girls" sleep, some of which, like those of the "sterner sex," on the inside, are very artistically decorated with paintings and other bric-a-brac. This room is also used as a dining room for the prisoners. A small room is cut off this section on the north side and used for a work shop. Light work is performed here by the women, such as finishing whisk brooms, sewing, etc. On the third floor you find more cells, general work shop, and the school room of the female prisoners.

The inmates of this prison have many privileges that the "boys on the inside" do not enjoy. They are allowed to talk at all times. There was a time, however, when there existed a state of terror in this department. It was long ago though, and it was when the "matron" was a man! Now, if there is any one thing that the "girls" dote on and enjoy, it is when one of the opposite sex visits that abode and is permitted to talk with them. But this matron man was a trifle too stern, and there was great rejoicing when he was superseded by a real female matron. This was a long time ago however, very near fifty years, and at that time it was supposed to be an unpardonable sin to let a woman be "boss." Things have changed. The females are now watched over by E. M. Armstrong, Matron, and J. D. Evans, Assistant, two highly cultivated ladies.

Like all other great institutions where all classes of human beings are thrown together, everything is not balmy sunshine. Dark clouds sometimes hover over this convict prison, and instead of showers of smiles and kisses, we are greeted with railings and hisses. Disputes must be settled as they are sometimes on the streets of our cities, and if there were no

hair pullings to record once in a while this department would loose its feminine prestige.

Thirty-seven women now look at the early budding of spring through their grated windows, and while there are some who care very little for home and liberty, yet there are many sad hearts and wet eyelids, that tell of the agonies of souls that long again to greet loved ones, and once more breathe the pure air of sweet liberty.

### FEMALE LIFE PRISONERS.



AUNT ELSIE JAMES.

### AUNT ELSIE JAMES.

Whose life has always been one of freedom in the wild forests of the Indian Territory up to 1889, reminds any one who sees her, of a caged bird, always longing, always sighing for liberty. Once she was doomed to hang in her own country, but the kind heart of President Harrison was touched, and he commuted her sentence to imprisonment for life. She was received at the Penitentiary August 1, 1889. She was accused and convicted of the crime of the murder of a white man, a tenant on her farm. His head was split open with an ax and then secreted under a haystack not far from her house. Elsie is a full blooded Chickasaw Indian, and can talk but a few words of our language. She was baptized last December by Chaplain Dudley, and was greatly affected by the solemn ceremony. She thinks she will not live many moons if she is

not pardoned. She is ever protesting her innocence and declares that she has not the heart to even kill a chicken. Elsie is learning to read and write our language, and takes great pride in her work. She is a good prisoner and never gives anyone trouble.



LIZZIE CARTER.

**LIZZIE CARTER.**

No female in the prison has received half as much notoriety as has this colored woman, who was convicted by the Cincinnati courts of the murder of Bill Taylor in Cincinnati, August 1890. Subsequently she was granted a new trial and sent to the Penitentiary for life. She is known as "Big Liz" because she pulls the beam at about 250 lbs. Lizzie is very muscular, and when she wishes, can "knock out" any half dozen of the other "girls" in a friendly setto, or otherwise, if they desire it. She had no education when received, but can now read in the First Reader and write very well. She is attending school at the present time and takes a great interest in her studies.

**LIZZIE EDINGTON.**

Is another life prisoner who was led astray by the cunning of a lover, and to hide her shame she murdered her newly



born babe. She was received from Belmont county, November 29, 1889. She was convicted of murder in the second degree. She is uneducated, is a blond, has blue eyes, and is very pleasant and obedient to the Matron.



Mrs. MARY GARRETT.

**Mrs. MARY GARRETT.**

Mrs. Mary Garrett and baby were received at the Annex October 5, 1888, and remained there until January 21, 1889. She was to have been executed on the 24th of the same month, but Governor Foraker commuted her sentence to imprisonment for life and she was saved from the horrors of the death trap. She gave birth to a boy baby while in the Medina county jail, and brought him with her to the Annex. He was

named Warden Garrett by Ex-Warden Coffin. Mrs. Garrett was charged with the crime of double murder.

She had two step-daughters who were imbeciles. One day her residence burned to the ground at Spencer, O., and afterwards it was discovered that the two girls were consumed by the flames. She was accused of penning them in the house and then setting fire to it. The evidence against her was all circumstantial and she claims she is suffering for a crime she never committed.

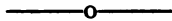
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COLORED FEMALE GLEE CLUB.

"They are just too cute for anything," is the common remark when visitors and sightseers hear, for the first time, the rich melodies of this band of female prisoners. The old stone kitchen and laundry, though marked at every corner by bars and other reminders, often echo and re-echo the sweet strains, as the "girls" cheerfully work away at their assigned tasks. I have noticed, many times, the white prisoners sitting with streaming eyes, as they listened to the plaintive song of "Old Uncle Tom" and "I'm a Slave no More," then as if a dark cloud had suddenly given away to a flood of sunshine, "I've Found a Horse Shoe" or "Good Bye My Honey," would bring a hearty cheer to the listeners, and everything would be "jolly as a log-rolling."

How much gloom and utter unhappiness that sometimes settles down on these unfortunate women, has been cast to the four-winds, will never be known.

Mamie Jones, Addie Cowans, Hattie Jewell, Carrie Smith, Hazel Glen, Ruth Olligan and Emma Brown are the "make up" of this noted band. They were uniformed and drilled for service at the several entertainments, and brought rounds of applause from the "boys" whenever they appeared on the O. P. stage. The "boys" not being the possessors of rare flowers, "threw no boquets," but some of the dudes of color got "awfully stuck" on some of the sweet singers.



WE are making arrangements with the World Fair Commissioners which will enable us to offer the person securing the largest number of cash subscribers to *The Comforter*, free transportation to Chicago and hotel accommodations for six months. We will spring the life insurance fake as soon as the diptheria and small pox harvest is over and the sheaves have been gathered in.—*Convict Comforter*.

## GLORY AND SUNSHINE.

HOW CHRISTMASTIDE IS SPENT BEHIND THE  
O. P. WALLS.

Fun, Frolic, and Enjoyment Participated in by the Boys  
in Stripes—They Eat, Drink and are Merry—  
The Happiest Time of all the Year.

No one in the world has more genuine fun on holidays than do the "boys" in the Ohio Penitentiary. They look forward to the time with all the anxiety of soul and body. Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year, and Fourth of July, are the green spots in their dreary desert of confinement. I will give the reader a fair sample by telling them all about one holiday—Christmas, December 25, 1892.

The stern discipline of the law was relaxed and the prisoners were given a first-class treat. Seldom enough does a gleam of sunshine pierce the gloom of that dreary inclosure; although the clouds lowered black and the snow swirled through the icy air, it was all sunshine for the boys who are bearing the stripes for their sins. From morning till night the genial sentiment of the Christmas-tide pervaded all, and the scowls of vice, the fierceness of passion and the dark looks of despair gave way to as merry smiles as ever rippled the wrinkled face of the benevolent saint of the holiday season.

In the first place a great many of the men were remembered by the dear ones at home, whose great piles of Christmas boxes, baskets and packages gave testimony, and caused the homeless or forgotten to overlook their own helpless condition in the prospect of the festivities to come. At 10 o'clock in the morning divine services were held in the chapel. The choir sang beautifully the anthem and voluntary and

Chaplain Dudley preached a sensible and suitable Christmas sermon. At the close of the services the men were marched to the dining-hall, where, it is to be feared, the thoughts of most of them had been during the time they should have devoted them to more sober things. Still no one could blame them, surfeited as they were with prison fare, for anticipating a little in fancy the luxuries of that bounteous dinner. There was enough and to spare, too, and the men brought to the tables healthy appetites, whetted by months of hard work and abstemious and pure living. There were 2600 fat turkeys, roasted with dressing; 40 bushels of potatoes, mashed with giblet sauce; 16 bushels of cranberries sauce, 9 barrels of apples, to be eaten raw; 2000 mince pies; scores of gallons of amber liquid, flavored with 40 pounds of fragrant coffee, and 1800 pounds of bread. That is a great deal of food, but it was pretty well disposed of, and when the hum of conversation, permitted by the officials ended with the signal to arise from the tables, 1800 belts had grown peculiarly tight and 1800 men felt that there was something to live for after all.

At 2 p. m., the long files of prisoners marched with locked step, like so many huge striped caterpillars, to the chapel. Warden James, Deputy Warden Playford and the other officers of the institution were seated on the stage and the blue-coated armed guards were scattered around the room to preserve that discipline which is necessary even on Christmas day. Jim Baldock, the gifted prisoner whose fertile mind plans most of the affairs of this kind, had given the amateur performers the last words of advice, as wise in their way as Hamlet's counsel, to the actors.

The program was a combination affair and in order that the whole afternoon might be filled with music and fun, was made long, so long in fact, that it could not be completed. The first part was an old time minstrel entertainment, followed by an olio, and the second part was a comedy-extravaganza, composed by George G. Howe, a Clark county man serving three years for mistaking another man's horse for his own. The minstrels conventional in gingham coats with swallow-tails and red trimmings and perpendicularly striped pantaloons, marched solemnly in, and the prisoners bent forward to recognize familiar faces behind the burnt cork decorations. There were the regulation bones and tambourine on the ends and the dignified interlocutor in the middle. George Blanchard and Alex Hobbs were on the ends and George Howe, with the usual chest tones of the interlocutor in the middle. Geo. Blanchard who is a genius, came from Cuyahoga county on the 7th of November 1892, to stay five years for pocket-pick-

ing, and Hobbs is a Franklin county man received March 12, 1888, on a seven years sentence for shooting to kill and paroled once, but reincarcerated for violation of the conditions of his parole. After the opening chorus by the whole company of blacked-face artists, Harry Kimball sang in a sweet tenor voice, "Little darling, dream of me," a sentimental ballad of the better kind. Kimball is not a professional criminal, but is serving two years for forgery committed at Dayton. He was enthusiastically encored. Geo. Blanchard followed with a comic song that brought down the house. Charles Dupee, a fine looking, big colored man sent up from Cincinnati in April of '91 on a four years' sentence for grand larceny, sang that old but ever good ballad, "I'll Await My Love." He has a very mellow, musical baritone voice and was warmly encored. Alex. Hobbs closed the first part proper with a funny song. Running through the sitting was a fusilade of quips and cracks in which the interlocutor and the end men "took off" all the funny phases of prison life and quizzed officers and convicts with the minstrel's license of speech. Hobbs told in an inimitable manner some of his prison experiences and remarked gravely that there was no longer any doubt in his mind as to the colored man being more numerous than the white men in the institution. When asked his reason for this belief he described the great crowd of colored men captured in a raid on a crap game in the broom shop by the last deputy warden. Most of the jokes were of local application, and were very funny to those familiar with the life of the prison. At the close of the first part Blanchard in a ludicrous act, attempted to tell the story of Brown's mule to each of the minstrels in succession and succeeded in clearing the stage.

The olio was made up of specialties, all of which were meritorious. The orchestra opened with several selections and then Billy McKennon, received from Dayton in August of '92 on a four years' sentence for grand larceny, made a few remarks, which were received with high pleasure by the audience. Harry Kimball sang sweetly another ballad and was encored, and Harry Wilson, a mere lad, who has been more sinned against than sinning, recited "A Mother's Love," a sad tale in verse. Wilson, although only 18 years old, was an actor, and was made a scape goat by some dissolute and dishonest ones of his company when in Eaton, this state. He was sentenced to two years imprisonment for grand larceny and came to the penitentiary in June '92 under his present assumed name. His mother, a wealthy and highly respectable lady of Pennsylvania, learned of his misfortune and paid her boy a visit to tell him that a home and her love await him

on his release. As the applause following the declamation died away seven lusty and dusky damsels, prisoners from the female department, filed upon the stage like veteran minstrels. Each wore a pale blue and with Normandy cap, a pale blue blouse-waist and black skirt, and all were extremely good looking colored girls, chock full of the rich melody of their race. They were Mamie Jones, received from Hamilton county November 25, 1891, on a five years' sentence for manslaughter; Addie Cowans, received from Clinton county October 26, 1892, on a one and a half years' sentence for cutting; Hattie Jewell and Carry Smith, received from Cuyahoga county July 25, 1887, on a ten years' sentence each for manslaughter; Hazel Glenn, received from Cuyahoga county July 10, 1891, on a three years' sentence for pocket picking; Ruth Olligan, received from Franklin county June 1, 1892, on one and a half years' sentence for robbing an old soldier on North Third street in this city of \$75, and Emma Brown, received from Montgomery county December 17, 1890, on a three years' sentence for grand larceny. Their appearance was greeted with uproarious applause, for every one of them had flirted with and "stood solid" with half the male population of the prison. They sang very nicely a melody of popular songs and were immediately and enthusiastically called back. They sang "I Found a Horse Shoe," and did it so well that they were encored a second time. On this their third appearance, they sang a rollicking song of the race in that style that cannot be imitated.

This was followed by the most unique feature of the program. Willie Dunn, a Piute Indian sent from Nevada by a federal court on a ten years' sentence for manslaughter, gave with the assistance of George Blanchard, a number of war songs and dances. Willie was properly solemn and dignified in accordance with the traditions of his race, but George Blanchard, whose early education did not imbue him with reverence for the ghost dance, had more fun than a little bit, and when the sturdy chief's back was turned, communicated his humor to the spectators.

Jim Baldoch, the trainer of the amateur minstrels, was applauded again and again when he appeared for his turn. He sang "I Thought It Was Mine," in which he related the experience of an absent minded man whose mistakes as to ownership got him into heaps of trouble, and for an encore recited a poem entitled "My Dream of the Heavenly Gate." In this he with rare ability mimicked an Italian, a Hebrew, a typical German, an old maid and an Irishman, the last of whom outwitted St. Peter, got possession of the celestial gate and offer-

ed to give away his heaven "if they'd set ould Ireland free." Baldoch got three encores altogether, singing on his third and fourth appearances respectively "I Handed It Over to Reilly," and "The Charming Mrs. Brady.

The colored quartet, consisted of Smith, Dupee, Rogers and Williams, who made such a hit at the entertainment on the Sunday following Thanksgiving, sang two colored camp-meeting melodies in fine style, and Harry Smith, an Ashtabula colored lad who confused meum and tumm, gave two selections on guitar and mouth harp. The olio closed with a pantomimic performance by Mr. P. P. Pratt, the deaf-mute foreman of the shoe shop at the Deaf and Dumb institution. He told in pantomime as well as if he had used speech two stories one of an unsuccessful love episode and the other of a conventional fishing trip. Mr. Pratt is a wonderful pantomimist, and his sketches were intensely funny.

The men were then marched to supper. There they disposed of 400 pounds of stewed raisins, 240 gallons of tea, 2000 pounds of coffee cake and 1800 pounds of bread. Eight barrels of apples were distributed among them and the festivities ended with the locking of the cells and the verification of the count.

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JOHN A. ANDERSON *alias* John A. Watson, and many other names was received May 24th, 1892, on a seven years' sentence for grand larceny from Cleveland. The prisoner while claiming only a common education, is well posted on the general topics of the day and has traveled over many countries. He was born in Germany, but came to the United States direct from Holland. He was well advertised as a much married man, From the published reports he had married more than twenty women. It was thought by many that he was imprisoned for bigamy but such is not the case. He says he had at the time of his arrest but two wives, having been divorced from the third one. He was brought to grief at this time during his honeymoon. He and his new wife were married in St. Louis and stopping at Cleveland, he according to the court appropriated about eight hundred dollars of his wives money to his individual use. He says during his confinement in jail at Cleveland that thirty two women, of all ages—good looking and homely—called to see him, expecting he was their long lost husband. He says that every woman who had a live husband thought he must be the man and must view him. He enjoyed the visits. It will be some time before he can be free to capture hearts at will.



JOHN HENRY SLOAN.

## THE O. P. FREAK.

NO one who ever entered the Ohio Penitentiary as a prisoner has attracted the attention of the inmates or of visitors, as did, and yet does, John Henry Sloan. As represented in the cut, a true photograph of Sloan, he walks on "all fours" like an animal. He was born in West Virginia but lived almost all his life in Greenville county, South Carolina, where he was arrested for counterfeiting and was sent here for a term of three and a half years. It sounds queer, but according to Sloan's account of his troubles, there was a woman in the case to his utter discomfort. Sloan boarded with a woman who was, according to his version, "dead in love with him," and because he refused to marry her she proceeded to "roast" him without mercy. Once in the clutches of the United States Marshal



Sloan says he was an easy mark for his jealous lover and her two daughters, they being the most important witnesses against him in his trial.

It seems that there was another party in that neighborhood that Sloan utterly detested, and that was the U. S. Marshall who arrested him. His name is George Black.

When in jail after his conviction, Sloan conceived the idea that should Black be delegated to take him to the Penitentiary that he would get him out of the way secure the commitment papers and if possible make his escape.

"I had prepared a bottle of poison which I had intended to put in some whisky and get him to drink it, and if that plan should fail I intended to stab him with a six inch knife. I had the poison in one shoe, and the knife in the other and would surely have used them if I could have done so. I have been terribly crooked in my life I will say that, and I will say further that I haven't done a straight act for twenty years."

This statement was made to the writer one day when visiting him in the prison asylum.

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## AN OLD PARDON.

THE following is a copy of a pardon issued by Governor Eathan A. Brown in 1819:

THE STATE OF OHIO, SET.

*To the Keeper of the Ohio Penitentiary and to all whom it may concern:*

WHEREAS, James Neal, late of the county of Columbiana, in the State aforesaid, on the conviction of the crime of manslaughter, was by judgment of the Court of Common Pleas of said county, at the term in March of said court, in the year 1817, sentenced to be confined in the Penitentiary of said State, at hard labor, for the term of seven years. And whereas, the said James, has had much intercession made in his behalf, and from other good causes, he is considered as an object of commiseration, mercy and pity. Now therefore, know ye, that I, Ethan A. Brown, Governor of the State of Ohio, by virtue of the constitution and laws of said State, do hereby pardon, reprieve, exonerate and release the said James Neal from all punishment and confinement remaining adjudged on his conviction aforesaid. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto sub-

scribed my name and caused the Great Seal of the State to be affixed, this 1st day of May, 1819, and in the forty-third year of American Independence.

EATHAN A. BROWN.

JNO. M. GINO, Sec. of State.

On the 15th day of December, 1830, Governor Allen Trimble pardoned 24 prisoners.

On the 29th day of August, 1826, Governor Jeremiah Brown pardoned 5 prisoners.



HARRY S. OGLE

## DARING ESCAPE.

ONE of the most skillful, carefully-planned and temporarily effectual escapes, and altogether the quickest recapture in the history of the Ohio Penitentiary, took place on New Year's

Day, 1893. Two men were implicated, and both were Cincinnati convicts. They were Spotty Wing, serving eight years for burglary, who was received in April, 1889, and Kid Meyers, serving four years for pocket-picking, received in February, 1892. Both men are second-termers, and Spotty is wanted in Cincinnati for a yet more serious crime than the one for which he is now serving. There was a scene of wild excitement at the penitentiary when the escape was discovered. All the convicts had been granted unusual privileges because of the New Year holiday. The count was taken at 4 o'clock, and a guard came back and said: "There's one man missing from my department." When the count had been finished it was found that two instead of one man were implicated. Just at that time the night guards were coming on and the day guards were concluding their duties, so that the front hall was filled with perhaps fifty officers of the pen. These gentlemen at once surrounded the institution outside the walls, while a sufficient force was detailed to search the interior. But the news was yet to come. Some one suggested that the men must have gone by way of the roof, whereupon a number of guards searched the upper part of that portion of the building, which is devoted to the Warden's residence. They found that the room of the son of Warden James had been entered, two complete suits of clothing had been taken, and the prisoners had even sufficient nerve to wash their hands at the Warden's son's dresser, and left their soiled water in the bowl. When matters had sufficiently quieted down to permit a true investigation of affairs, it was found that Wing and Meyers when they were unlocked to go to the chapel evaded the guard and staid in their cells. Then, when the guard was gone they climbed to the top of the cell block in which they were locked went from there to a ventilator in the roof by means of a rope made of bed sheets, and thence they walked cautiously down to the little dome which surmounts the top of that part of the pen in which the Warden and his family reside. A door which opens from this little dome directly to the roof of the penitentiary was pried open by the men with a chisel which they brought from one of the shops inside. Thence access to the rooms down stairs was easy, and Wing and Meyers coolly descended to the room of Mr. Curry James, where they changed their clothing, waited till an available moment, and then quietly walked down stairs and out the front entrance to the street. It was a mere accident that they were not seen. It was also almost an accident that they were recaptured. Of course when the escape became known guards were sent in every direction. Among these guards were Joseph Bernhardt and

**Henry E. Ogle**, who took the Superintendent's horse and buggy and started west on a pike road. Several miles out of town they saw two men in the road, who immediately jumped the fence and started to run through a field.

Guard **Ogle** at once jumped from the buggy, and springing over the fence pointed an ugly-looking revolver at the fleeing men, and called to them to halt. Both stopped, for **Bernhardt** is known to be a man who shoots when occasion demands, as did "Mr. Potter, of Texas." They were the missing convicts, and the two guards brought them back to the pen in their buggy. The whole affair, escape and recapture, had not occupied three hours. It was, everything considered, one of the most skillfully planned escapes, and one of the most remarkable recaptures in the history of the Ohio Pen.

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## 'T WAS EVER THUS.

ON a beautiful evening in the Fall of 1892 four or five prisoners, all of whom had seen palmier days and enjoyed themselves in the higher walks of life, were sitting in a pleasant office, occupying office chairs before a cheerful fire in the grate. The gaslight from a chandelier added much to the surroundings. Some were enjoying their evening cigar and others relating pleasant anecdotes, when one, who tries to look at the bright side of prison life, and make it as pleasant as possible for his fellow prisoners, remarked: "Boys, what do you suppose some of the old moss-backed farmers in the backtownships would say if they could look in upon us and see our surroundings, (when they think we are locked up with a ball chained to our leg,) and they paying the taxes to support us. Great Heavens!"

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**JOSIE**—No, the pompadour is not in vogue here. The prevailing mode of hair cutting is similar to that practiced by the Sioux Indians.

**DAISY**—Among the articles of jewelry worn by fashionable society here, the ball and chain is not included. Steel bracelets are mostly worn by the O. P. Four Hundred.

**MAV**—No, the fashions do not bother the inmates much. They have eschewed the wearing of plaids and variegated colors, and the wearing of striped cloth is now in vogue.—*Convict Comforter.*



CHAPLAIN C. L. WINGET.

## CHAPEL AND LIBRARY.

**AMONG** the many interesting features of prison life and work the moral and religious influences must receive some attention. The State makes provision for this work by having a Chaplain appointed, whose duty it is to provide religious service for the Sabbath and to attend to the needs of the prisoners in this direction. He must also often see the sick in the Hospital and oversee the Library. It is his duty to see

that each man is supplied with a Bible and Hymn Book, and also to provide teachers for the Sabbath School and give those who desire an opportunity of attending the same.

All religious services are held in the Chapel—a large auditorium in the center of the prison yard. It has a seating capacity of 2000 and is usually filled to overflowing, as, in addition to the prison officials and prisoners, visitors from the outside are admitted, upon the payment of ten cents, to all the exercises, and it is not unusual to see from four to five hundred of these persons present on Sunday morning.

Three services are held here each Sabbath morning. The Sabbath School at 7:45, the Prayer Meeting at 8:45, and the General Service at 9:30. Attendance upon the Sabbath School and Prayer Meeting is voluntary upon the part of the prisoners, and the privilege is gained by making application at the Chaplain's office, where tickets are provided, on which the man's name and serial number are written, and this is tacked on his cell door so that the guards may know that he is to be unlocked for that hour.

The clang of the big bell at the guard room notifies guards and prisoners of the arrival of the hour for each service, and as the cell doors are opened the prisoners step out and silently fall into line for the march to the Chapel. Arriving there, each man takes the seat assigned him, while the guards are seated in chairs placed on elevated platforms arranged around the sides of the room.

The Sunday School is in charge of gentlemen who are citizens of the city, and they supply officers and teachers. About 500 of the prisoners attend this service and are divided into twenty-six classes. Some of the teachers are veterans in the service and for a number of years have been regular in their attendance. The International system of lessons is used and each man is supplied with a lesson Quarterly; some of the class discussions of the lesson are very interesting, and show that the men prepare themselves by study and thought. Sometimes the teacher is called to put forth his best effort to answer some of the questions *fired* at him by some unusually smart prisoners in his class. In addition to questions on the lesson each teacher makes inquiry of his class as to their religious belief and experience, also as to their desire and effort to lead a better life. There are many truly converted men and they are respected by their fellow prisoners. The Sunday School teachers have an organization among themselves, and meet in the Chapel once a month to report the results of their work and discuss plans for future effort.

At the close of the Sabbath School the men are marched

into their cells, and those who have Prayer Meeting tickets are unlocked and march to the Chapel for that service.

This is one of the most interesting services of the prison. The exercises are all voluntary and are participated in by a large number of prisoners, old familiar hymns are sung and passages of Scripture repeated. Sometimes some colored brother will give way to his feelings and rise in ecstasy to the high pressure point, when he will give vent to his feelings in an old-fashioned Methodist shout. Sometimes ludicrous words are uttered or scenes occur that are amusing in the extreme, and for the moment neutralize the serious and solemn, as for instance, the impromptu speech of Mose Allen of "Possum fame," referred to in another place. Again, the scene becomes pathetic, as some hymn, familiar in other days, swells upon the air from the choir or some invited guest, or as memories of home and loved ones are recalled by some man who speaks of mother or wife, and tears are seen to trickle down the cheeks of many who are not hardened criminals and cannot forget the loves and prayers of other days. This service lasts an hour, and usually all the time is taken up with talks and prayers by the men. At the close of this service the men again go to their cells and preparations are made for the general service to which all must go, unless excused for sickness or assigned to special work for the day.

Before the men are marched out for this service, the visitors from the outside, who have been in waiting at the guard room, are admitted and shown to their places in the Chapel. The prison officials, their families and invited guests are seated on the platform while all other visitors are seated in the gallery. The outside attendance is quite large, sometimes numbering 400. A small admission fee is charged at the door and is cheerfully paid, as the privileges are fully worth the fee. In the meanwhile, the Prisoner's Orchestra has come in and is ready, as the head of the first company makes its appearance at the door to begin the overture. This is usually some marching air, and, as the players are first-class, forms a pleasant part of the exercises.

As the men come marching in the scene is simply beyond description. They file quietly to their places and soon the main part of the room, together with two galleries, is filled to overflowing, while seated around the walls are the guards, stern and alert, for here assembled is a body of men, some of whom are the most daring and desperate criminals in the country. It is but a slumbering mine and but a breath may fan it into life.

A slight rustle is heard and the prisoners from the female

partment are seen entering the gallery reserved for them. The Deputy's office opens and a guard steps quietly in, and with him are the condemned men from the Annex who are waiting for the day of death. There is no smile on their faces but evidences of serious thought and care. They are seated in one corner of the platform, the officers step quietly to other places and the Chaplain nods to the leader of the choir, who gives the signal for the opening anthem. The choir is made up of prisoners and the music is equal to any in the city. Music forms a large part of the service and the Congregational Hymns are familiar, and most of the prisoners join in singing them.

A new feature has been recently introduced, that of having musical talent from the city to aid in the services, and it has met with hearty appreciation from the men. Any person who imagines that the audience is below the average in intelligence and readiness to see a point, will find himself very much mistaken. Ready to express approval by a smile or stamp of the foot, or to express disapproval by a groan or hiss, he will find them constantly on the alert, and few indeed, are the men who can hold them quietly until the hour of closing. The Chaplain will often receive notes criticising or approving his sermon, delivery and manner. Sometimes they are corrections of dates, or events or quotations, and again will be enlargements upon his line of thought.

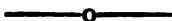
The clock is closely watched, and when the dinner hour arrives there is manifest uneasiness, which increases with the passing minutes, until the services are brought to a close. The men march out as they entered, passing directly to the dining room hall, where a wait is had until all are seated, where at a signal from the bell caps are removed, and all is silence while a prayer is offered by the Chaplain. At its close the bell rings again and dinner is eaten.

We cannot close without saying a word in reference to the Catholic services, which are held in the school room every Sabbath morning at 8:15. For this service the room has been neatly furnished and seated. The chapel is in charge, at present, of Rev. Father O'Leary, whose services cost the State nothing, as they are met by subscriptions taken among the Catholics living near the prison, who are permitted to attend the service free of charge. All special days on the Church calendar are observed and High Mass held in connection with them. A large number of the prisoners are Catholics and are devoted to their Church and its services. There is also a well stocked Library in the Catholic Chapel, where the current literature of the Church is on file.



Our chapter would not be complete without a mention of one of the religious organizations of the prison, viz.: The Prison Bible Class. This is an organization among the prisoners for the study of the Bible and discussion of religious questions. Its meetings are held three evenings in the week, Sunday, Wednesday and Friday. The Sunday evening exercises are devotional and have been very helpful to those who participate. The membership is limited to twenty, and vacancies as they occur are filled by election upon the recommendation of the Chaplain. So great is the interest in the work of the class, and so strong the desire to be admitted to its membership, that the applications on file are largely in excess of the vacancies, and Bible Class stock is always at a premium. The question is sometimes asked, "with these services and efforts of a religious nature are any of the prisoners sincere Christians?" "Are they really benefitted?" Of their sincerity there can be no doubt, and also that much good results from faithful work. How great the results only eternity will reveal.

The present Chaplain, Rev. C. L. Winget, is one of the most popular Chaplains that the Ohio Penitentiary ever had, and is loved and respected by all the prisoners. He takes especial interest in the welfare of the prisoners, and tries to make his Sabbath exercises interesting and instructive. He delights in lifting the heavy loads of sorrow from the hearts of the "boys," and expects to be rewarded by Him who has said: "Blessed are they who bear their burdens for My sake."



**A**MONG the many unfortunates—one is fortunate in more than 2 times 2 ways. Arthur Cameron, No. 22222, was born in 2d county from the west side of Ohio; 2d county from the north line of the State; 2d county from Lake Erie; in Township No. 2; School District No. 2; in a 2 story house. Was arrested by 2 men; there were 2 red haired men on the jury. He was brought to the Penitentiary by 2 men; his sentence was 2 years. He was received here on the 22d day of April; he locked in cell block No. 2, on range 2 and in cell 22. He is 22 years of age. He stole 2 horses. His age when he began to support himself—plus the years he attended Sabbath School—equals 22 years. After giving him credit with good time earned, he will have to remain in prison 2 times 222 days—plus  $\frac{1}{2}$  of 222 days—plus 22—plus 2 times 2 days. His sentence expires on the evening of the 22d day—plus 2 times 2 days of the 2d month from the close of the year ending with 2.



DAN J. MORGAN, SUPT. OF SCHOOLS.

## SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS.

ONE of the greatest institutions in the Penitentiary, and one that is known least about is the School. Hundreds of men come as prisoners to the penitentiary who know absolutely nothing even of the primary rudiments of the knowledge of books; and in many cases that have come under the writer's observation, men have been sent here having committed crimes simply because of their ignorance, and if the Ohio Penitentiary is to be a place of reformation as well as a place of punishment, what better method could be conceived than that of the night school.

Crime does not always follow ignorance, but the illiterate class predominate in this prison. Out of thirteen prisoners who reported for registration in the Chaplain's office at one time, eleven acknowledged that they had no education, and

five U. S., prisoners from the southern states reported at the same time, all claimed that they could neither read nor write, and it was found that they had told the truth when they were taken to the school. You would think that a man sent here for life would care nothing for an education. Oh! here is where you are mistaken. When the poor ignorant prisoner finds himself shut in his narrow cell, with no one to talk to, it is no wonder that he sometimes makes a doll baby and amuses himself in talking to it. I have noticed some of this class of prisoners while at the writing table in school, work until their clothing was wet with perspiration, so intent upon learning how to write as if their lives depended upon it. And they always come out victorious. I have never known a failure yet. The most wonderful fact is though, how fast these men learn. I know of one man who learned to make all the letters of the alphabet both large and small, in two evenings of one hour each. Reading is learned by some, beginning with the alphabet, in two weeks, that is in the First Reader.

At one time, out of four hundred scholars who attended school, one hundred and thirty could neither read nor write. Hundreds of unfortunate prisoners go out in the world at the expiration of their term of imprisonment with a fair education received in the O. P. School, and who knows but it may be the means of helping them to obtain good situations in some kind of legitimate business and make good citizens out of them. Education is calculated to do just that thing for the criminal.

#### HOW IT IS MANAGED.

The prison records show what kind of an education every man has. The most ignorant are selected by Supt. Dan J. Morgan, and tickets are ordered on the cell door of the ones selected. There are two classes: First and Second, or Red and Blue. There are 200 "boys" in each class, and they go to school each alternate evening.

After supper the prisoners are marched to their cell blocks and locked in their cells. There are five cell blocks, A and B, C and D, E and F, G and H, I and K. The blocks have five ranges or stories each, A on one side and B on the other, and so on. After count has been verified by Assistant Deputy Owen Stackhouse, the bugle is sounded, and the guards are selected to take the "boys" to school. Five are detailed, one for each block. During this time the guards are unlocking the men who belong to the class that attend school that

evening, we will say it is the First or Blue ticket class. The guards each go to their respective blocks, the boys are rung out, form in line and are counted by Supt. Morgan, who then gives the division over in charge of the guard. This is done the same in the five blocks. The class is then marched to the school room, which is sandwiched in between the dining room below and the hospital above.

#### IN THE SCHOOL ROOM.

Each division separates upon entering the room and each scholar goes to his respective class. There are fifteen classes, each instructed by a teacher who is himself a prisoner. The teachers are highly educated and diligent in their work. Each teacher has a register in which he records the names of his two classes. The primary class is always the largest in the school, it never has less than 25 members. All the common branches are taught, including United States History. The classes are all taught at the same time, something like a large Sunday School. The bell taps and "school is out." Each division is now called out, beginning with A. and B. These divisions form, are counted by the Superintendent, and the guard again takes command, marching them to their hall where they are again locked in their cells by the hall guard. The guards then report to Supt. Morgan, who, in turn, makes a final report to Night Captain J. W. Kirkendall.

#### FEMALE SCHOOL.

A school was organized in the Female Department last June by Supt. Dan J. Morgan, which has proved a great success. Many of the women inmates are ignorant, and the "girls" were very much elated to have a chance to learn. Lizzie Carter ("Big Liz"), learned her letters in this school, as also Essie James, the Chickasaw Indian. Miss Ash, a scholarly woman and an excellent teacher, also a prisoner, is now teaching the class with good success.

# THROUGH THE DEATH TRAP.

## Horrors of Executions from 1844 to 1899

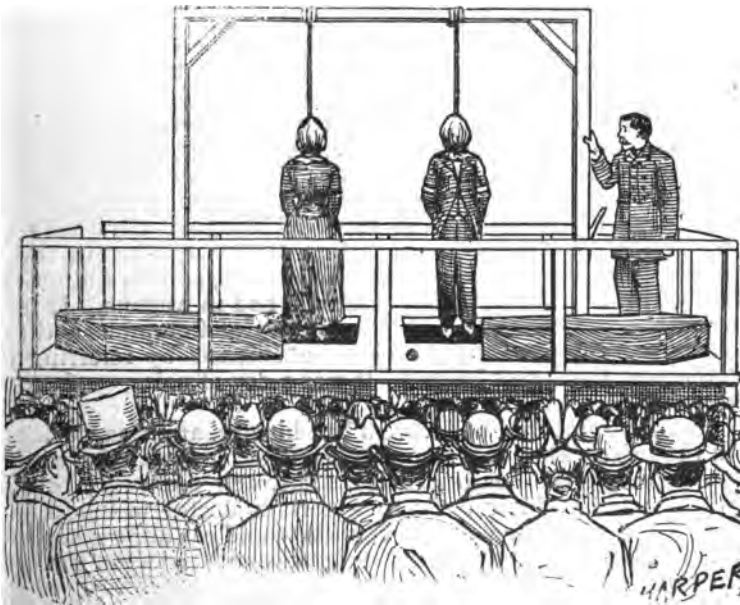
Sickning Details of the Last Moments on Earth and the  
Ropes Deadly Work—Miserable Victims  
Launched into Eternity.

NO one, except those who have witnessed an execution, can form any idea of the awfulness of the situation. A horror seems to overshadow even the dark mantle of the doleful, dreary midnight hour, and the death-like stillness that seems to hover over the entire prison, as the executioners and attendants march, with muffled tread to the execution room, cannot be described. At every turn in the immense halls you can almost see the grim death angels as they sit waiting for their prey.

As you near the Annex in which is situated the dreaded gallows, where you will shortly see a fellow man hurled into eternity, a chilliness you cannot describe, and horror—perhaps you have experienced in uninvited dreams, takes possession of your being. You stand in the presence of death, awaiting the ominous click of the latch of the door that now only separates the murderous victim from the dangling rope. You stand with bated breath, your blood coursing with an unnatural speed through your system, your heart beats are so rapid now that you can scarcely count them.

It is time for the execution—the death cell door swings open, the Warden steps out first, then the poor, pitiable murderer, followed by other officers. Look at that face, could ever painter give that expression of woe and utter distress that has settled like a pall over his unnatural countenance? He walks with unsteady step to the treacherous trap; now he places both feet squarely upon it; his limbs are strapped with

strong leather straps, while the rope that is soon to encircle his neck and which just touches his head, seems to be a nest of hissing vipers only too anxious to spring upon their victim, and with their slimy bodies choke him to death. Everything is ready: "Have you anything to say?" are the unsteady words of the Warden. A few feeble words, oh! so feeble, the black cap is drawn over the face and God's own light is shut out forever. The coils of the un pitying rope is placed about his neck, the knot adjusted, the lever pulled, a dull gurgling sound, and a soul is taking its flight to the realms of eternal existence. Physicians count the pulse beats until they pronounce him dead and a murderer's record is closed on earth.



FIRST LEGAL EXECUTION.

WILLIAM GRAHAM AND ESTHER FOSTER.

Forty-nine years ago Columbus was a town of about 7,000 or 8,000 inhabitants, but an event occurred on Feb. 9, 1844, forty-nine years ago, that filled this little place with the largest assemblage of people that ever congregated here. It

was the execution of the laws' vengeance upon two victims and was the first to take place in this (Franklin) county. In those days all executions of the death penalty were in public, and for a week or ten days every road leading to Columbus, for the distance of fifty or one hundred miles, was lined with wagons and vehicles of every character, bringing whole families to see the double execution which was to take place on that day.

The laws' penalty was to be meted out upon William Graham *alias* William Clark, who had killed Cyrus Sells, a Penitentiary guard. Clark, being a convict in the Ohio Penitentiary in 1843, committed the deed by splitting Sells' head open with an axe, at a single blow. The other was a colored woman, also a convict in the penitentiary, named Esther Foster, who in company with another female convict, killed a white woman who was also serving a sentence in the institution. The murder in this case was committed with a heavy iron fire shovel, and the victim's brains were literally beat out and the skull beaten into a mass of flesh and bones.

The execution took place on the old Penitentiary hill, about where Court alley and Scioto street intersect. The scaffold was erected in a ravine with wide, sloping sides, and was high enough to be seen from any distance. William Domigan was the sheriff and managed the execution. It being the first execution, and public, had the effect of bringing thousands of witnesses from every part of the country, coming in whole families, young men with their sweethearts, fathers and mothers with their children, on horseback and in wagons. It was truly the greatest event in the history of Columbus and for years was computed by the elder inhabitants by referring to "the year Clark was hung." It was a day of noise, confusion, drunkenness and disorder.

Esther Foster did not have a bad history, and was working in the prison kitchen when she committed the crime for which she suffered the death penalty. She was not a very bright woman, and sold her body to a certain doctor in Columbus for all the candy and sweetmeats she could eat during her life time. She was never buried, but at once placed upon the dissecting table.

In Graham's case it was different, Sheriff Lomigan, after the holding of a post mortem examination upon the remains, which disclosed an unbalanced brain, gave the body a decent burial in the old prison graveyard, a short distance from where the execution took place. Two sets of physicians were anxious to obtain the remains. One set repaired to the grave and after exhuming the body, were fired upon by the others.

They ran off leaving the body to be taken possession of by the opposing party without the labor of throwing out the dirt. Graham's foot, for many years, was preserved in alcohol and kept as a relic by Drs. Jones and Little, who then had an office on East Town street, between High and Third streets. Upon the scaffold Graham said: "My name is Graham, my father and brother killed a traveler in Missouri and were lynched for it," and upon being notified he was to be hung for the murder of Sells, he said: "Let her go quick." The trap was sprung and the souls of William Graham *alias* William Clark and Esther Foster were launched into eternity.

VALENTINE WAGNER.

The first execution in the Ohio Penitentiary was that of Valentine Wagner, who was executed July 31, 1885, for the murder of his brother-in-law in Morrow county. He abhorred the idea of his tragic death and fainted into the arms of the executioners when the fatal hour arrived. His pleas for mercy echoed and re-echoed along the dreary prison walls, but to no avail, for he stepped off into the dark eternity at midnight July 31, 1885.

PATRICK HARTNETT

Patrick Hartnett was a fiend in which the brute creation was represented more than that of the human, as you will see. His crime was one of the most cold blooded on record. Hartnett's home was in Cincinnati, Ohio, and he brutally murdered his wife with an axe on the morning of January 18, 1884. While she lay cold in death and covered with blood at the feet of her slayer, and five dependent children wailing their piteous cries for their dead mother, Hartnett danced a jig of fiendish joy around her body.

He was executed for this crime on the morning of Sept. 30, 1885, and by some mistake, his execution was a sickening sight, as the head was almost severed from the body and streams of blood poured from the severed arteries. But pitying angels could not weep, be his death one of horror, for his crime was so heartless that ages could not blot it out of the memory of man. At twenty-five minutes past one Patrick Hartnett entered through the gates of death to await his final sentence from the "higher courts," the judge of which never errs, and never has His judgment reversed.

ARTHUR J. GROVER.

Arthur J. Grover was executed at forty-five minutes past twelve on the night of May 14, 1886. He met his death bravely, declaring his innocence to the very last moment of



his life, but justice knew best, and he suffered death for the murder of an aged lady said to possess a small fortune, residing in Wood county. The people of that county were so indignant over the cowardly murder that they would not allow his remains to be buried in the county, and his body was given to the students of one of the medical colleges of this city.

#### JOSIAH TERRILL.

Josiah Terrill, the Meigs' county murderer, was executed Sept. 2, 1887. He was a rough, uneducated man, and defied death to the end, his last words proclaiming his innocence, accompanied by gestures far from those of cultivation. At exactly 12:34, on the above stated date, Warden Coffin hurled the red-handed murderer into eternity, there not being a twitch of a muscle in the body after falling. The body of Terrill was shipped to his mother, an aged lady at Pomeroy, O.

#### WILLIAM GEORGE.

William George, a burly farm hand living on a farm in Noble county, Ohio, was a clever schemer in a plan to obtain the charming fifteen-year-old daughter of an old farmer, named James Scott, living on an adjoining farm. At about 11 o'clock on the night of July 18, 1887, George came to the home of Scott and told him a neighbor's horse had become entangled in some brush and asked him to assist in extricating the unhappy beast. After getting the old gentleman a sufficient distance away from the house he deliberately murdered the old man with an ax, the above tale being one made up by George to suit the occasion. After accomplishing the deed he returned to the house and asked Mrs. Scott for her daughter, who, as fate decreed, was not at home. George then went to a neighbor's and told them Scott had jumped on him and he was compelled to kill him, also telling where they would find the body. George was tried and condemned to be hung April 27, 1888. He was very sulky in disposition, and during his imprisonment refused to talk about his future or anything concerning himself or family. At 1:15 o'clock on the night of May 18, 1888, George swung off with curses trembling on his pallid lips as he entered into the presence of the death angel.

#### EBENEZER STANYARD.

The execution of Stanyard took place in the Annex of the Ohio Penitentiary at 1 o'clock on the morning of July 13, 1888. He was the murderer of a young lady by the name of Alice

Hancox, residing in the city of Youngstown, O. It seems that Stanyard was in love with Miss Hancox, and his disposition being one of jealousy, he was so enraged to see her with another young man that he deliberately blew her brains out. Stanyard's execution was one of but a few minutes. After walking upon the scaffold, dressed in full evening attire, with a button-hole boquet pinned on his coat, it was but a few seconds until he entered the reception room of the "King of Kings."



"BLINKY MORGAN."

Many people will die believing "Blinky" or Charles Morgan—which was his name—an innocent man. Guilty or not guilty he was hung for the murder of Detective Hulligan, August 3, 1888. He was convicted by purely circumstantial evidence, he being connected with the gang of noted fur robbers who made away with a lot of valuable fur articles in Cleveland, O. After the robbery occurred several noted detectives were put on the track of the gang, and having arrested one of them, they started home with him. On their homeward journey several of the remaining members of the gang boarded the train and rescued their captured partner, and in the fight which followed Hulligan was killed. Morgan was convicted of the crime. For which he gave up his life at 1:18

o'clock on the morning of August 3, 1888, his last words were: "Good-bye, Nellie." a last farewell to one dear to his heart. Morgan was a man very scholarly in appearance, one that would be noticed by any person as possessing a dignified and aristocratic nature. While in the Annex he won the respect of his fellow prisoners as well as that of the officials. He died claiming his innocence.



OTTO LEUTH.

The double execution was the next on record. It being the execution of Otto Leuth, the Cleveland boy murderer, and John Smith *alias* "Brocky" Smith, on the morning of August 29, 1890.

Otto Leuth was the first to listen to the death warrant read by Warden Dyer. After which he made the following remark: "Well it is through now for me." Smith's death warrant was then read, after which the blessings of our Divine Maker was asked to rest upon the heads of these two unfortunate men by Chaplain Sutton.

• Leuth was executed first, it being feared he would break down at the fatal moment, but when the time came for him to close his eyes to the light of this world, there was not a muscle seen to quiver in his body, and his last careless words, uttered after all things being ready, were: "All right, let 'er

go." With these words yet vibrating on the air, the click of the lever was heard and Otto Leuth's body swung to and fro in the air. The crime of Leuth's was one that caused great excitement all over the State when committed in Cleveland, O., May 9, 1889. After ravishing the little eight-year-old daughter of a family living next door to the Leuths, for fear of betrayal on the child's part he brutally murdered her, and concealed the body under the floor of his home, and assisted, in an untiring manner for the missing child. The frantic parents not dreaming that he was the murderer of their little Maggie.

A German lady, living neighbor to the Leuths, noticed an unbearable stench coming from the Leuth home and notified a policeman to that effect, and from this it lead to the arrest of the family for the murder of little Maggie Thompson, and Otto, the sixteen-year-old son, plead guilty of the horrible crime, for which he paid the penalty on the gallows.

The mother of this unfortunate little girl became a raving maniac in a short time afterward and will while away her dreary life in the cage of a maniac, while the father is resting in peace by his little darling's side, in the cold, cold clay. This boy murderer was pitied while in the Annex by mothers who, with little daughters, never gave this poor, raving maniac of a mother one single word of sympathy, or shed a tear for the mutilated body of poor, little Maggie. Whom do you think will receive the blessings and sympathy at the "Throne of Grace" when these two stand before the judgment throne—Otto Leuth or little Maggie Thompson. This "taking off" was the execution of the youngest convict on record in the Ohio Penitentiary up to the present date.

#### "BROCKY" SMITH.

"Brocky" Smith in fourteen minutes after Leuth was hung, swung in the self-same place, and another murder was avenged. He died without a quiver and his conversation while preparing for the fatal moment that would extinguish the light of life for him, was as careless and cool as if they were preparing him for a marriage ceremony or something similar. At exactly 12:36 the drop fell and Smith was taken down a corpse.

The crime that this man committed was one of horror, but who can expect much more from a man reared in the slums of a large city like Cincinnati, never having spent one single day in a school room, and never hearing the word of God until he heard it within the prison walls. Here is one of the examples for our Home Mission, and there are hundreds of just such

little victims to-day being educated in vice, and they will, no doubt, end their days in a similar way.

Smith's crime was committed at about 12:20 o'clock on the night of December 8, 1890. On said night Smith went to the home of an old, saving, hard working, market woman, named Bridget Byron, and entered the house—it is supposed—for the purpose of robbing her, and when she resisted he stabbed



"BROCKY" SMITH.

her in numberless places with a huge butcher knife. Her head was nearly severed from her poor old body. It is supposed the old lady tried, in her feebleness, to defend herself. Her distressing moans aroused a neighbor woman who came to her rescue and found her writhing in a pool of blood. In a short time after removing her to a neighbor's house she died from the effects of her many wounds. Before breathing her last she said: "John Smith did it, he tried to rob me." This is the crime Smith paid for in the double execution. Two of the most cold hearted murders on record.

#### ELLIS MILLER.

Ellis Miller, the murderer of Emma Johnson, was executed Dec. 2, 1890. He was a daring, desperate and abusive man in disposition, and his crime was augmented by the excessive

use of liquor. After abusing his wife in every conceivable way and causing a separation, he planned revenge, not only upon his wife but her sister also, whom he blamed with acting an important part in his troubles. Mrs. Johnson, sister of Mrs. Miller, lived neighbors, near Marysville, Union county. On returning from town one day in an intoxicated condition, Miller met Mrs. Johnson and deliberately shot her, she died in a few days after.

Miller met his death in a courageous manner, never flinching to the last moment. After bidding everybody good-bye he was swung off into eternity.

#### ELMER SHARKEY.

Another double execution took place in the Annex on the morning of Dec. 18, 1890. One of the condemned victims being Elmer Sharkey, who so heartlessly butchered his old mother with a meat ax, because she objected and threatened to disinherit him if he married a woman of his own selection.

At 12:05 on the above stated date Elmer Sharkey's life was blotted out of existence, his last words being: "I ask God's forgiveness and all that I have wronged. I forgive everything." Sharkey's nerve failed him on the fatal moment and he would have fallen back in a dead faint, while waiting the final preparations, if he had not been assisted by willing hands. However, it is supposed when he was ready to drop he fainted, as his body fell in a horizontal position. He died in awful agony from strangulation, and many of the sympathetic by-standers grew faint at the sickening sight.

"Vengeance is Mine," saith the Lord.

#### HENRY POPP.

Henry Popp was of foreign nationality, having emigrated to this country when but a small child. His education was a very meagre one and the following is a statement made by him regarding it: "I never had the privileges of the young men of to-day in Ohio, and my education was a limited one. I can read some but cannot write my name in English. It is, perhaps, because of my ignorance of the ways of American people that I have placed myself where I am, and now am compelled to leave this earth by the way of the gallows."

At 12:28 o'clock on Dec. 18, 1890, Henry Popp went through the trap, not a single word passing his petrified lips. His remains were buried in Calvary cemetery, near Columbus, where he will await the judgment day.

Popp's crime was committed in Canton, O., it being the of a saloonist with whom he had some difficulty. The was committed on April 21, 1890.

## MURDERER EDWARD BLAIR

Dies in 18½ Minutes.

Edward Blair was executed Friday morning, Aug. 21, 1891, for the murder of Arthur Henry, station agent at Hartsburg, Putnam county. Blair, under the alias of Joseph H. Hill, fell in with two other crooks named Shoemaker and Stoop, and planned on the night of March 17, 1890, to rob Mr. Henry, who was also clerk in the village store. The store had been closed, but the men under pretext of buying some goods, persuaded him to reopen it. Blair drew a revolver and demanded that Henry open the safe, which contained about \$75. Henry refused and Blair shot him dead. The murderer then escaped and was captured at Parkersburg, W. Va., some weeks later and taken to Ottawa, where, at the November term of court, he was sentenced to hang April 29, 1891. He was respited by Governor Campbell to June 5, and again to Aug. 21. Some excitement was occasioned by the finding of a knife and a brick in Blair's bed a week before the execution. The knife was slipped to him by a sister and the brick was dug out of the wall. It is believed he intended to slug the guard with the brick and escape.

B. F. Dyer was warden when Blair was hanged and Father Logan was Blair's confessor. The execution was devoid of any startling incidents. The drop was sprung at 12:03 and death came at 12:21½.



WILLIAM FITZGERALD.

They were great head lines that decorated the morning papers on the morning of Dec. 18, 1891:

*"A Hoard of Hungry Horror Hunters Crowd the Death Chamber Like Sheep—Pushing and Howling in a Most Disgraceful Manner."*

This was a sample of the "Double Headers," and further on the same paper in speaking of the execution said:

"Banker, detective, prize fighter, reporter, saloonist, State official, curbstoner, drunk and sober, all crowded together in a wild conglomeration.

"There was no system. All was chaos.

"Jamming into the reception room, the crowd pushed toward the door of the gallows chamber. Some one leaped on a chair and leaned far over the shoulders of the crowd. Those in the rear yelled: 'Pull the s—b— down. Give the rest of us a chance.'"

This was the condition of the social (?) atmosphere at a time when reverence should have uncovered the heads of everyone present. How hilarity and mirth could have ever crept into this horrible death chamber at such a time, is more mysterious even than the careless recklessness of the man who



walked on the scaffold with a bravado that surprised the most hardened criminals.

In the afternoon Fitzgerald parted from his wife. The parting was anything but sensational. Neither shed tears. A last embrace, a clasp of hands, and heart-broken the brave little wife parted from her husband, who was soon to face his Maker.

While the preparations for the execution were being made in the Annex proper, and busy hands were arranging the last detail of the ghastly denouement, a wild and turbulent mob was pushing and surging about the gate leading into the guard room. George Jordan, who had charge of the gate, was jammed up against the railing and was ordered to keep all back. "Don't crowd, gentlemen;" "keep back," "make room for the Warden, there," he would cry, and the mob would push back like the receding tide, only to swell forward again.

At 12:01 the door leading to the scaffold opened and Fitzgerald appeared, with Father Logan, his spiritual adviser, clad in the insignia of his office, and Dr. Warde. "There he is. That's him," said the crowd, as they caught sight of the doomed man, and a still worse push was made by those in the rear.

Straight as a die; his clear cut features white and ghastly, the doomed man walked out on the scaffold, unsupported. He wore the same suit he brought with him from Youngstown, with the exception of new pantaloons and a new pair of shoes. A turn-down collar and a white tie completed his attire.

Calm, as though walking on the street, Fitzgerald stepped to the trap. The only thing unnatural about him was the wild glare of his eyes.

"Good-bye, Dr. Warde," said the doomed man. "I thank you for your kindness." Father Logan stepped forward and Fitzgerald kissed the crucifix. His arms and legs were pinioned and as he gave a contemptuous glance at the sea of upturned faces, the black cap was pulled over his face by Deputy Porter, who pulled the knot tight behind the right ear. Stepping quickly backward the Deputy gave the signal, the Warden jerked the lever, and at exactly 12:03 A. M., Fitzgerald's body shot through the trap. The rope swung a moment and then the lifeless clay hung without a tremor.

The crime for which Fitzgerald had to give up his life was for taking the life of Officer William Freed, of Youngstown, O. He shot Officer Freed while he was trying to arrest him. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hung on Dec. 18, 1891. He was received at the Annex July 27th at the age of 25 years.



MRS FITZGERALD.

While drifting about through Michigan, with no visible means of support, always well dressed, with an inclination to be dudish in both manners and dress, Fitzgerald was destined to meet an agreeable fate. About March 1, 1891, he arrived in Kalamazoo, where he met the lady whom he afterwards made, on March 21st, his wife. Her maiden name was Carrie Westledge, the young and pretty daughter of wealthy parents who resided in Detroit. The future Mrs. Fitzgerald consented to become his wife. For reasons best known to Fitzgerald, he declined to be married in Detroit, and the couple proceeded across to Windsor, where the nuptial knot was tied.

Several efforts were made by Mrs. Fitzgerald to free her unfortunate husband by furnishing him poison with which he might suicide, but without success.

Although anxious to see her husband taken out of the world, it was not because she was not devoted to him. She loved him with all the love of a true and jealous wife, and it was to save her husband the ignominy of the scaffold that she exerted her energy to the craftiness of slipping to him a deadly drug by which he could thus cheat the death dealing scaffold of its prey.



JACOB HARVEY.

Jacob Harvey, the Dayton murderer, paid the penalty of his awful crime in the Annex of the Penitentiary shortly after midnight, Friday, June 28, 1892. Harvey was game to the last and died without a struggle.

The doomed man walked with a firm step and came onto the trap unassisted. Before his hands were fastened he shook hands with Chaplain Triffit and said in a clear, firm voice: "Good-bye, Chaplain."

After his hands had been pinioned he leaned over and told ex-Deputy Brady his coatsleeve had been caught in the strap around his wrists. This was remedied and all the straps were soon fastened. Then Deputy Playford picked up the black cap and after getting ready he asked the doomed man if he had anything to say. "Nothing at all, Deputy." After pausing a moment, he added: "I am ready to go." As he spoke he turned his face toward the Deputy, who stood on his left, but as soon as he spoke these words he faced to the front and appeared to want to get through with the job as soon as possible.

Quickly the Deputy placed the black cap over the prisoner's head, the noose was placed about his neck and drawn in posi-

tion by ex-Deputy Brady. Deputy Playford stepped to the lever, and at 12:27 the murderer of Maggie Lehman shot through the trap and paid the penalty of his crime.

There was not a sound except the death gurgle. The body hung limp and motionless, not so much as the twitch of a muscle being apparent. The noose had been adjusted a little forward instead of on the side of the neck and his head was thrown backward, breaking his neck. Drs. Rowles and Heinlein, the prison physicians, immediately grasped the wrists and the former announced the pulse, first every quarter and later every full minute. The first quarter the pulse was 165 and the last quarter 96. At 12:34 the pulse was 41. At 12:38 the pulse was 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ , scarcely perceptible, and Dr. Rowles pronounced the man dead.

#### HISTORY OF THE CRIME.

There may have been murders committed which were surrounded by more horrible and sickening details; others may have aroused more indignation on account of the character of the victim, but from a legal standpoint this murder, for premeditation, deliberation, determination, cowardice and brutality of the lowest sort has few if any equals. He intended it should be a double murder, but fortunately only one of his intended victims was present. The murderer's coolness while committing the crime and afterward is enough to make some of the more notorious desperadoes turn green with envy. Illicit love and jealousy were the cause of the murder.

Harvy was well known to the Dayton police where the crime was committed and where he had served many sentences in the workhouse for minor offenses, but he was never considered a dangerous man, although it was well known that he was a worthless scoundrel and pimp, such as curse every city and give the police more or less trouble. Although he claimed to be a railroad man he was too lazy and mean to work, and conceived the idea of getting some woman to keep him.

Mrs. Maggie Lehman was a dashing widow, who had little if any regard for virtue, and was an easy mark for Harvey. She had three children but she managed to provide very well for all. Harvey fell deeply in love with her and soon became very jealous, but the woman could not pay all her attention to him, as she had to depend on other men for her support, and as she was a very handsome woman she was much sought after. She paid no attention to Harvey's protests and threats and finally he began beating her. He was extremely jealous of a man named Newton Chubb, whom he believed was trying to take the woman away from him, and he frequently

threatened to kill both of them if they insisted on seeing each other. These threats were always made to Mrs. Lehman who did not seem to regard Harvey as a dangerous man.

Harvey passed as a "dead game sport" and spent a great deal of money, which was furnished by his mistress. He beat and abused her nearly every day until his conduct finally became unbearable and she had him arrested for assault. He served his time and again beat her nearly to death when his time expired. She had him arrested the second time, and while he was serving his sentence she concluded she had better get out of his way. She left the place where she had been living and became an inmate of "The Abbey," a low resort on Home avenue, the road which leads out to the Soldier's Home.

But Harvey soon learned where she was, and this so enraged him that he determined to escape from prison and kill her. He believed Chubb had taken her and it was for the purpose of killing both of them he desired to get out. He declared his intention to the officers and prisoners, but they only laughed at him. He finally escaped September 19, 1891, procured a 38-calibre revolver and went to "The Abbey." Concealing himself near the foot of the stairway he waited for his victims to appear, for he thought Chubb was there with Mrs. Lehman. Presently the woman came down stairs alone and Harvey pounced upon her with the fury of a demon. Grasping her by the wrist with one hand so she could not get away in case his first shot did not kill her, he fired and missed. The victim screamed and stuck her head under the murderer's arm to shield herself. The villain closed his arm about her neck and while he held her fast under his arm in this manner, he placed the revolver against her head and fired and she fell dead at his feet.

#### EDWARD MCCARTHY AND CHARLES CRAIG.

At 12:07 and 12:45 o'clock on the morning of Sept. 9, 1892, two Cincinnati murderers paid the penalty for brutal crimes at the Penitentiary. It was a quiet execution, being unattended by circumstances which sometimes tend to make the scenes sensational. Both men walked upon the scaffold without trepidation and were shot through the trap without delay, the work of the officers being performed in what is known in Annex circles as "an excellent way."

McCarthy, who had shown some disposition to give down, went to death bravely and in a firm voice gave a last word to the world. Craig, who had been prepared for the end for some time past, was equally courageous, but it was by a forced effort perceptible to everybody.

Warden James limited admission to those permitted by the law to attend and consequently not over thirty-five people were there. There was an absence of the rush and jostling which has marked previous executions and more in accord with the solemnity of the occasion.

Promptly at 12 o'clock Warden James, Deputy Playford, Assistant Deputy Stackhouse, Guard Gump, Physicians Rowles and Ireton repaired to the scaffold, followed by the crowd.



EDWARD MCCARTHY.

Deputy Stackhouse adjusted the rope and, unfolding the black cap, prepared for the tragedy to follow. Warden James and Deputy Playford went to McCarthy's cell and told him the "time was up." "All right," was the response, as the good priest whispered words of encouragement to the doomed man. At the request of the Warden, McCarthy removed his collar and necktie, and between the officers ascended the scaffold. He had bid good-bye to the remaining men in the Annex, but he said farewell to Craig, and as he stepped up toward the scaffold he glanced down into the cage as if to see if the other men were watching.

He walked to the trap unsupported and as if knowing what was expected of him he put his hands down close to his body and held his head up so as to give the rope a chance. ●

● McCarthy had nothing of the appearance of the desperate man he was. His complexion was fair and hair light, while

he wore a short sandy mustache. His features were not those of a tough, but rather a mild-mannered person. He remained motionless for a minute and a half while the straps were being adjusted. His countenance gave no indication that he was affected by his position, and he stood like he was getting measured for a suit of clothes, rather than preparing for death. Before the arm straps were buckled he shook hands with the officers and Father O'Leary and bid them good-bye.

When ready for the cap the Warden asked him if he had anything to say: "Only this," was the response, in a firm voice, "gentlemen, if I have ever done anybody any harm I ask their forgiveness, as I have forgiven those who have harmed me and as I expect to be forgiven of God. Good-bye all."

In a moment the black cap shut out his sight forever, and soon was the rope around his neck and then the drop. For half a minute the body writhed and then there was a gurgling sound. An attendant held the legs and arms and in thirteen minutes he was pronounced dead. The heart beats by minutes after the trap sprung were: 77, 95, 114, 99, 111, 76, 80, 63, 52, 55, 53, 31, 11½—dead.

Preparations were immediately begun for Craig's execution, and three minutes later he was on the scaffold. Craig's appearance was a surprise to those who had read of his career and never saw the man. He was a good-looking colored man with a bald head and a round face, without a line indicating viciousness. He weighed probably 210 pounds. As he approached the drop there was a smile on his face which soon gave way to serious resignation. His size made some trouble in adjusting the straps, and the ordeal told on the doomed man, who was forced to bite his lips to keep from showing his nervousness. He maintained his composure, however, and like McCarthy, shook hands with all and kissed the crucifix held by Father McGovern. When it came time for him to speak, the strain was too much and he was unable to only mumble in a low voice that he asked forgiveness from all he had harmed. The black cap was put on and the trap was sprung by Deputy Playford and Craig shot through with terrific force, his neck being broken by the fall. There was not a quiver of a muscle and in twelve and a half minutes he was declared dead. The trap was sprung for McCarthy at 12:07 and at 12:45 Craig was cut down.

The execution was conducted in a manner which was evidently intended by the law. The utmost quietude prevailed in the room, and the witnesses, standing with uncovered heads, added impressiveness to the scene.

M'CARTHY'S CRIME.

Edward McCarthy was well known about Cincinnati as a Deer Creek tough. He being about the Gibson House considerable, and being a stout boy, it was no trouble for him to get a job carrying sample cases for drummers, with whom he became quite a favorite. • This was before his first term in the Penitentiary, which began when he was 18 years of age. After that he was known as a crook and dangerous. He was a drunkard and spent much of his time around low resorts, where he would be most likely to find companions of his own class. He associated a great deal with a disreputable woman known as "Sloppy Jane," and was very jealous of her.

The crime for which McCarthy was executed was the murder of Charles Nedderman. There was no provocation, but he was mistaken for another man, with whom McCarthy had had trouble, and whom he had sworn to kill. The crime was committed on Abigail street, near Sycamore, in Cincinnati, on the evening of August 23, 1890, at the time of the murder epidemic there. He fired a bullet through his victim's brain, killing him instantly. The wildest excitement followed the killing. Men, women and children scattered in every direction as the murderer rushed up the crowded street flourishing a revolver over his head as he went.

The murder was the most brutal in the annals of the criminal history of Cincinnati. Early in the evening Charles Nedderman and several young men assembled at the corner of Abigail street and College alley, preparatory to going to a picnic at Felthaus' garden, on Walnut Hills. As they were standing in a group at the above mentioned place, Ed McCarthy passed them and gave them a sullen look, as he walked on down the street. Nothing was thought of the occurrence, and a few minutes later Flaherty asked Nedderman to go to a saloon on the opposite side of the street and procure a little whisky, as the boys thought they were in need of a little "booze" before starting out on their pleasure trip to the hill. As Nedderman started to cross the street, McCarthy walked up on the other side and stationed himself under the lamp-post, directly in front of the door leading to the saloon. He was unnoticed by Nedderman until the latter came within a few paces of him, when he looked up and was confronted by the cold muzzle of a revolver. Without a word of warning McCarthy fired. He was so close to his man that he could almost have touched him with the barrel of his weapon. Nedderman reeled and fell backward into the street. • Such was the crime for which Edward McCarthy paid the penalty.





CHARLES CRAIG.

**CRAIG'S CRIME.**

At Riddle's Mill, Ky., lived a woman named Anna Johnson, who married a man named Crock. She had little regard for virtue or anything else, and when her husband died suddenly she was suspected of poisoning him, but she was never arrested. Soon after this Craig began living with the woman, and it was openly charged they had put Crock out of the way, but for some reason the authorities never took cognizance of the affair. There were other colored men after Anna, and once when he had a fight with one of them he was struck on the head with a club and, it is claimed, his skull was fractured. When he recovered he took Anna and went to Cynthiana, where they pursued the even tenor of their way unmolested.

While living in Cynthiana, George Currier accused Craig of being too familiar with other people's turkey roosts. Craig drew a knife and stabbed Currier to death. He ran away to escape arrest and located at Covington. Anna soon followed, and there they lived in peace for some time. Finally he was located, arrested, convicted and sent to the Frankfort Penitentiary for four years. He served his time and then went back to Covington to live with Anna, who had led a promiscuous life during his incarceration. There he followed plastering and got along very well. Finally, he and the woman moved to Cincinnati, where Craig worked at his trade and Anna went to work for Jake Wolford.

They had not lived in the Queen City long till Craig sent for his mother to come and live with them. She went but could not get along with Anna, and in April, 1890, located in Columbus. After his mother left Cincinnati Craig furnished a house in gorgeous style for himself and Anna and made a good living for both. Things went well for a time, but finally Anna began staying out late at night. Craig remonstrated with her but she simply told him she had met a man named Horace Wilson, who had captivated her, and it was with him she spent her nights.

When Craig became convinced that what Anna told him was true, he told her they would divide their household goods and she could go to Wilson. They did so, but in a few days Anna came back and begged to be taken in again, promising she would be true to him ever after. He forgave her, and again they lived together for some time, but finally Anna returned to Wilson. On Saturday morning, Sept. 13, 1890, she returned to Craig's house to get some clothing she had left there. Craig was drunk, and immediately assaulted Anna with a knife. She ran out into the yard. He followed, and in the presence of a large crowd of people, stabbed the woman to death. After she fell to the ground the demon continued to drive the steel into her body.

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### ANNEX NOTES.

Otto Leuth was a cigarette fiend. More than 500 empty boxes were found in his cell at the Cleveland jail.

John ("Brocky") Smith, when dressed for execution, was strutting around in the "cage" remarking to his fellow prisoners, that if he had brass buttons on his clothes he would look like a guard.

On Thanksgiving night, 1890, Isaac Smith was in the death cell. All was gloomy and quiet. Near 12 o'clock Ed. Blair was received. After gazing at the surroundings, he stretched his long form out on one of the cots, and looking up at Deputy Warden Porter, said: "How soon are you going to make a vacancy here, I want a cell." At that date all the cells in the Annex were occupied.

One evening in the "Annex" the "boys" were having a merry time. They had often, in their joking way, said Otto Leuth had on knee breeches when he was brought here.

Nothing had been said on this evening about it, but Elmer Sharkey remarked that "he heard there was a pair of knee breeches offered for sale in the hall." In an instant, and without notice, Leuth threw a pair of heavy shoes at Sharkey, barely missing his head. The marks on the wall caused by the blow are still visible.

The morning after Henry Popp was commuted, he was noticed, alone and apparently enjoying a hearty laugh. One of the "boys" says:

"Henry, what tickles you?"

He replied: "I was laughing about how I fooled those fellows last night out of a bottle of wine and a good supper."

As is customary, the officers had furnished him a fine supper the night he was to be executed.

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NOTE.—Captain E. E. Ewing, the well-known queensware merchant of Portsmouth, Ohio, is the author of the poem on "Mose Allen" and his "possum." Capt. Ewing is a gentleman of literary tastes and no mean poet, various productions from his pen have from time to time, appeared in the newspapers, indicating by their merit that the Captain has cultivated the muse to some purpose. Captain Ewing was a brave soldier in the war and it was while making a brief call on an old comrade, Captain Nathan Munshower, Superintendent of Subsistence at the prison, that the poem was conceived, subsequently scribbled on pieces of paper on the cars and first published in the *Portsmouth Blade*.



## **"NEARER MY GOD TO THEE,"**

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**TREMBLE ON THE PALLID LIPS OF FRANK VAN  
LOON AS HE GOES THROUGH THE  
TRAP INTO ETERNITY.**

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**"I Will Die Like Jesus Christ, He is my Stimulant  
now"—Remarkable Nerve Exhibited in  
the last Moments of the  
Condemned.**

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**FRANK VAN LOON** has paid the death penalty and the murder of Farmer Vandemark is avenged. Whether guilty or innocent of the crime for which he died Van Loon met death without a tremor and of the many witnesses to the tragedy he was the most composed. From the time he entered the fatal door which shut out all hope the man never showed the slightest indication of fear, and when the black cap was drawn over his face closing forever to his sight all things earthly, there was a smile on his countenance.

When the witnesses to the execution approached the annex their ears were greeted with the familiar strains of "Nearer My God, to Thee," being sung by the condemned man and the guards. ●

Finally the door swung open and Chaplain Dudley emerged and went to the side of the scaffold opposite to where the man soon to die would appear. Van Loon came next, supported on one side by Warden James. In his hand he carried a Bible and hymn book. Without a tremor he walked to the

center of the scaffold and took a position on the fatal trap-door. Then the work of pinioning his arms and legs was begun. Van Loon was as cool and collected as though he was preparing for anything else than his death and that, too, in an ignominious but horrible manner.



FRANK AUGUSTUS VAN LOON.

Warden James then approached and asked the unfortunate man if he had anything to say.

"I have," he replied in a clear, strong voice. "I want to read a verse from the Bible. It is the eleventh verse of the seventy-ninth Psalm, and I think you will all be thankful for hearing it." Then in a strong voice and without the slightest show of weakening, he read: "Let the sign of the prisoner come before thee; according to the greatness of thy power preserve, thou, those who are appointed to die." After reading the selection he opened the hymn book and said: "I want to read a hymn for which you will be thankful for having heard." He then sang as though leading the singing in a church and in a voice of rare sweetness, the first verse of "Nearer My God, to Thee." At its conclusion he handed the two books to the Chaplain, and turning to Warden James, said, "This is all I have to say." But he changed his mind and, turning to those present, said:

"Gentlemen, I stand here in the harness of death an innocent man. I forgive all those false witnesses who swore my

life away and hope that God will forgive them. I ask God to forgive the sins of my youth, as they were many. If I have done a man an injury I ask forgiveness for it. I am ready to die and die an innocent man."

He then turned and placed his hands by his side ready to receive the straps. The wrist straps were adjusted and the black cap drawn over his face. The fatal moment and last on earth for Van Loon had arrived. Warden James changed his position to be nearer the lever and Deputy Stackhouse placed the rope around the neck of Van Loon. As the Deputy drew the knot taut the Warden pulled the bar. There was a sound of a bolt slipping from its fastenings, the trap door parted and the body of Frank Van Loon was dangling between heaven and earth. His death was instantaneous, almost, as the neck was broken by the drop.

Van Loon met his fate without the aid of stimulants. His bravery at the end was a matter of great surprise, as the prison officials and others thought he would break down and do the "booby act" when he came face to face with the hangman's rope. During the evening the Warden, Chaplain and others had encouraged him to meet death like a man, and he had promised them he would. He kept his promise, and this too without stimulants, which have been given murderers in many of the former executions. Just before midnight Dr. Rowles visited the death cell for the purpose of giving Frank some "nerve-bracing fluid." When the doctor asked him if he desired any stimulants Van Loon, with a triumphant wave of his hand, said: "No; I will die like Jesus Christ. He is my stimulant now."

Below the scaffold were the prison physicians, Drs. Rowles and Park. The former stood in a chair almost under the trap. When the body shot through the trap Dr. Rowles called out the time, and at the end of each minute he called out the number of pulsations. As soon as the rope stretched the body of the hanging man whirled around from the east to the southwest. Dr. Rowles, with his ear to Van Loon's breast, counted the heart beats and Dr. Park steadied the body by holding the feet. He was pronounced dead in just 13½ minutes after the lever had been touched.

#### VAN LOON'S CRIME.

The crime for which Frank Augustus Van Loon paid the death penalty made him about as notorious as "Blinky" Morgan. On the morning of August 7, 1891, a stranger appeared in the streets of the village of Columbus Grove, dressed in the garb of a working man and wearing a peculiar cap, very simi-

lar to that worn by a brakeman. No one in the village seemed to know him, but nearly all were attracted by the cap he wore. He was seen at various places about the village that day and was driven out of one farmer's barn where he had hidden to sleep. He was seen by a great number of people in the village and nearly all who saw him identified him after the murder in the person of Frank Van Loon. On the morning of the day of the murder, Van Loon entered the hardware store of a Mr. Crawford and asked to see some revolvers. He was shown several and after selecting two he bought cartridges and loaded the weapons. This done he turned to the merchant and announced that he was Jesse James and would pay for nothing. Crawford attempted to remonstrate but Van Loon compelled him to get down behind the counter. He flourished the revolvers about in an alarming manner and finally went out of the store. He went directly to a bank, one door east, and entered in a blustering manner. Walking up to the window, behind which stood Cashier Maple counting out money and talking to a Mr. Sifert, Van Loon leaned over the counter, presented his revolvers and demanded that Maple hand over the cash he had immediately. The cashier was greatly alarmed and told Van Loon not to shoot, at the same time throwing up his hands. Just then one of the guns was discharged and the bullet struck the safe. Maple then made a dive for his revolver, and raising it fired point blank at Van Loon. The revolver, however, had but one load in it and this missed the robber. Van Loon then went for the cashier and fired two shots, one striking him in the left arm and the other ball entering his side.

At this moment Farmer Vandemark, Van Loon's victim, nettered the door. Van Loon turned on him and ordered him out, at the same time informing him he was Jesse James. Vandemark seeing the murderous looking pistols in the desperate man's hands, at once complied and started for the door. Just then Van Loon fired a shot that struck the farmer low in the back. He fell face forward to the pavement and expired in a few moments.



# WILLIAM WHALEY

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MASHES HIS VICTIMS BRAINS OUT  
WITH A DRAY PIN,

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AND DIES GAME IN THE OHIO PENITENTIARY ANNEX.

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**W**ILLIAM WHALEY died like he lived, a hardened murderer, with no human sympathy and no care as to his future.

He dogedly resented religious admonitions, and laughed to scorn the advise of Chaplain Winget. Could the facts be known there is no doubt but that more than one innocent victim was sent to his future home by the hands of this brutish fiend.

He was hanged in the annex June 22, 1894. The crime for which he paid the penalty with his life was the murder of Allen Wilson, a colored man, at Yellow Springs, Green county. The crime was committed June 6, 1893, and the instrument with which it was committed was a dray pin. The motive was money and about \$50 was realized by the murder. Suspicion at first fastened on Wilson's divorced wife. Whaley was first arrested for a murderous assault on Jerry Happing on the night of August 14, 1893. He confessed to other murders and was sentenced in January, 1894, and received at the annex March 10 following. His neck was broken in the fall, and he died without a struggle.



## CHARLES HART,

**The Murderer of Little  
Elsie and Ashley  
Good, Yields Up  
His Life.**



Charles Hart the self-confessed murderer of the Good children in Paulding County was executed in the penitentiary annex at exactly 12:09½ on the morning of April 12, 1895. He died in 13½ minutes without a struggle after going through the trap.

He claimed to the last that he was innocent because the deed was not premeditated.

He mingled his last prayer with that of Chaplain Winget, asking God to save his soul. Drs. Rowles, Harry Jones and G. A. Tharp counted the heartbeats until death came.

### HART'S DIABOLICAL CRIME.

Early in November, 1894, all of northwest Ohio was agitated by one of the most inhuman and diabolical deeds that ever stained the pages of Ohio history. Ashley Good, aged 9 years, and his little sister Elsie, aged 6 years, were beaten to death with a club and their bodies mutilated with a knife and razor in the hands of Charles Hart. Prior to the murder the girl was ravished in the most inhuman and fiendish manner by Hart.

The Head of little Elsie was almost severed from the body. A knife stab in her left breast had allowed the crimson lifeblood to escape, and an incision from the pelvis to the breastbone allowed the intestines to protrude, and the little form was a mass of blood and filth. Ashley's throat was cut from ear to ear, the abdomen cut open so that the intestines protruded, and his hands were tied behind his body. To add to the ghastliness of the affair, fire had been applied, the children's clothes had been partly burned and the flesh was cooked wherever the fire had touched.

## **GEORGE GESCHWILM,**

**The Franklin County Wife Murderer Dies Game,  
Friday, April 26, 1895.**

When Geschwilm had kissed the crucifix for the last time he calmly closed his eyes, and in a moment more Guard O'Brien had placed the black cap over the head of the condemned prisoner. The noose was quickly adjusted by Assistant Deputy Warden Stackhouse, and so soon succeeding that those present were almost surprised, the trap was sprung and the body of Geschwilm was hurled to the end of the drop.

A momentary quivering of the muscles followed ; a few feeble struggles at breathing, and the quiet as of death enveloped the suspended form. Drs. Rowles, Jones and Tharp made careful observation of the death struggle and noted the pulsations. In 13 minutes and 15 seconds from the time the trap was sprung the heart had ceased to beat, and life had become extinct.

### **GESCHWILM'S CRIME.**

The crime for which Geschwilm was hanged was the brutal and unwarranted murder of his wife, Annie Geschwilm, on the night of March 7, 1894. They separated and Geschwilm called on his wife afterward at various times to coax her to live with him again.

The last time he called she absolutely refused to live with him any more, when Geschwilm drew a butcherknife and plunged it into Annie's heart. She followed him about twenty steps toward the front of the house and sank to the ground, dying almost instantly.

The murder was committed in Columbus, O.

## LAFAYETTE PRINCE.

**Prince, the Cleveland Wife Murderer, Buoyed Up by His Faith in Religion and Retains His Composure in the Most Remarkable Manner on the Scaffold. He Goes Through the Trap at 12:11, May 29, 1895, and Dies Without a Struggle.**



Lafayette Prince shortly after midnight paid the penalty of his awful crime. He met his fate like a brave man. Not a murmur escaped his lips, and firmness and determination was written upon his face.

Promptly at midnight the announcement was made to a nervous assemblage of newspaper men and prison officials that the time had come to repair to the death chamber.

The doomed man was then asked by Warden James if he had anything to say, and replied in a clear, firm voice, "I have nothing to say." The warden and chaplain then shook hands with Prince, who bore the ordeal of parting without breaking down.

Deputy Warden Dawson then drew the black cap over the head of the condemned man, and a few awful moments ensued before the fatal drop.

Warden James sprung the trap and the body dropped a distance of seven feet.

The drop was at 12:11 and the heart-beats ceased just 13½ minutes later.

### HIS CRIME.

Prince murdered his wife in Cleveland, September 18, 1894, splitting her head open with an ax and also chopping her back in an awful manner. She lived only 15 minutes after the terrible deed of her husband.

## **MOLNAR EXECUTED.**

**The Cleveland Murderer Atones for His Brutal  
Crime With His Life Wednesday Morning,  
June 26, 1895.**

"Das ist alles" were the last words of John Molnar, the Cleveland murderer. He uttered them just before going through the trap shortly after the town clock had tolled the midnight hour. The three words told the story of his life and death completely and although they were uttered in his native Hungarian tongue their meaning is as plain as if they were written in letters of fire.

The condemned man went through the trap at 12:08¾ and in 13 minutes the prison physicians pronounced him dead. It was a long and ominous 13 minutes to those who watched his vitality ooze away.

### **MOLNAR'S CRIME**

**One of the Most Brutal in History of Northern Ohio.**

The crime for which Molnar paid the extreme penalty was the murder of Daniel Gehring, which occurred about noon, Wednesday, June 6, 1894.

Wednesday, June 6, he and Kostyo, Molnar and Gehring left the city for Shaker Heights to gather strawberries. The old man and Molnar were quarreling about some money received from Hungary, and also about the woman. They left home about 8 o'clock. About 11 Molnar drew a revolver and shot at Gehring, who started to run, Molnar in pursuit. About 100 feet from where he first shot, Molnar caught up with Gehring and saying, "Now I've got you," shot again. Kostyo then came up and attacked Gehring with a club, crushing his skull. Molnar in the meanwhile shooting bullets into the old man's body as fast as he could, fire until he had emptied his revolver twice. Nine bullets were traced into the body. The men then dragged Gehring's body toward a pond by one leg with the intention of throwing it in, but changing their mind, they removed every trace of identity and allowed it to remain, probably to create the impression that he had been overcome by highwaymen.

## A SICKENING SIGHT

**Was the Execution of Michael McDonough, the Kenton Wife Murderer, On the Morning of June 28, 1895. The Rope Cuts Deep Into the Neck, Severing the Trachea and Jugular Vein, and the Blood Spurts and Then Gushes to the Floor in a Torrent. Dr. Jones Liberally Baptized by the Blood Which Spurts Over His Clothes.**



Bloody and ghastly was the scene of the execution of Michael McDonough, the Kenton wife murderer, in the penitentiary annex on the morning of June 28, 1895.

Not since the execution of Pat Hartnett, early in the history of the annex, has such a bloody and terrible sight been seen as that which occurred that morning.

Although the drop was only seven feet, the rope nearly cut the murderer's head off and instantly the blood began to spurt. The jugular vein was severed and the crimson fluid fairly poured out from under the somber black cap. Then it fell in a shower on the stone floor beneath, making the most gruesome patter imaginable.

Dr. Jones, the assistant physician, who was standing under the trap to the north, was liberally baptized by the murderer's blood. Dr. Jones was in the direct course of the flying blood and his left shoulder and arm were saturated.

### HIS CRIME.

At 4:00 p. m. Sept. 8, 1894, in the city of Kenton, O., McDonough, murdered his wife. He stabbed her four times with a murderous knife. She died in great agony.

## **·TAYLOR DIES GAME.**

**The Murderer of Isaac Yoakam, the Aged Franklin County Farmer, Swings Off.**

**His Neck Is Not Broken and He Strangles Convulsively for Eleven Minutes.**



The brutal murder of Isaac Yoakam, which startled the people of a quiet rural community in the northern part of Franklin County, is avenged. William Taylor, the perpetrator of the crime, went through the trap in the penitentiary annex at 12:06 a. m., Friday morning, July 26, 1895, and was strangled to death in just 11¾ minutes. This is the second colored man hung in the penitentiary annex. The other was Charles Craig, executed September 9, 1892.

### **TAYLOR'S CRIME.**

The crime for which Taylor paid the penalty was the murder of Isaac W. Yoakam, a farmer 53 years old, living about 3 miles northwest of Worthington. The assault which culminated in the death of the aged farmer was made December 20, 1894. The weapon used was a hickory club and the motive of the assault was robbery.

It is believed that Taylor got about 90 dollars in all. He spent money lavishly after the murder, which led to his arrest, conviction and execution.

## REMARKABLE NERVE

**Shown By Isaac Edwards, the Hocking County  
Murderer, On the Scaffold.**

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**Isaac Edwards Was Executed in the Peniten-  
tiary Annex On the Morning of Thurs-  
day, September 17, 1895.**

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To Warden James' question, asking if he had anything to say, Edwards, turning his head to the warden, who stood behind with his hand on the lever, said quickly, "No, Sir."

The straps were quickly adjusted by the guards and the deputies started to put on the black cap, but they desisted until Chaplain Winget had offered prayer. The chaplain quickly retired after the prayer and the black cap was put on and the noose adjusted. The trap was sprung and the existence of Isaac Edwards was at an end and the murder of Mrs. Sarah Sellers was avenged.

### THE CRIME.

The crime for which Edwards was executed was the murder of Mrs. Sarah Sellers, at her home in Murray City, Hocking County, July 5, 1893. Murray City is a small mining town on the Snow Fork branch of the Hocking Valley railroad and is principally inhabited by persons of foreign birth. Edwards and wife and John Sellers and wife knew each other in England. Edwards' wife died just before he came to Murray City in 1888 and left two small children in his care. Mrs. Sellers, who had no children of her own, by consent of her husband, took the children and cared for them as a mother.

On the day of the murder Edwards got on a big spree with the avowed purpose of killing Mrs. Sellers. He found her on her door step paring potatoes and shot her twice. She lived two days after the horrible deed.

## STRANGLED TO DEATH.

**Martin Adams, the Cincinnati Poisoner, Executed  
Friday Morning, Sept. 27, 1895.**

The death march was taken up from the front office to the annex at midnight. It was 12:05 when Adams appeared on the scaffold. He looked gloomily down upon the spectators below.

While the straps were being adjusted Adams looked up above to the beam where the rope was fastened, as if he had some curiosity to see the instrument which was to take his life.

In reply to the warden's question whether he desired to say anything, the murderer in a tremulous, half-hesitating voice, said: "I forgive all them who brought me to this place." The trap was sprung at 12:07½ a. m. and Adams was pronounced dead in just 11½ minutes.

The murderer's neck was not broken and he slowly strangled to death.

### HIS COWARDLY CRIME.

The crime for which Adams was executed was the murder of John Ohmer, a blacksmith who had a pretty wife. Adams was Ohmer's helper, and in an evil hour went to Ohmer's home, 23 Mill street, Cincinnati, to board. Adams became enamored of Rosa Ohmer the wife, though she was the mother of 11 children.

To rid himself of the only obstacle to his happiness, Adams conceived the idea of killing Ohmer. He purchased a bucket of beer of which Ohmer drank freely. It was found that the beer had been "spiked" with strychnine, and that Adams had caused his death.

Adams, however, plead innocent to the last.



## DOUBLE ELECTROCUTION.

**1750 Volts of Deadly Fluid Sent Through the  
Bodies of William Haas and  
William Wiley.**



**WILLIAM HAAS.**



**WILLIAM WILEY.**

For the brutal murder of Mrs. William Brady, near Cincinnati, Ohio, on the morning of July 3d, 1896, when he cut her throat with a razor, and afterwards outraged her person, was William Haas electrocuted in the annex of the Ohio Penitentiary between the hours of midnight and one o'clock Wednesday morning, April 21st, 1897.

Eight minutes later Wiley was placed in the chair, and in a few short moments his checkered life was brought to a close.

William Wiley was electrocuted for the brutal and inhuman murder of his wife, at midnight, July 22, 1896, at No. 816 West Sixth street, Cincinnati, Ohio. Wiley shot his wife four times, once through the body below the heart, the second bullet passed through the shoulder blade near the heart, the third through her neck, and the fourth plowed a groove on the neck also. It was a most fiendish murder, and the manner in which both Haas and Wiley met their unnatural death on the electric chair was comparatively an easy one to that of their unfortunate victims.

## **WILLIAM PAUL,**

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**Brown County Murderer, was Executed at  
12:22 A. M., April 29, 1896.**

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WILLIAM PAUL, was hanged for the murder of his father-in-law, Joseph Yockey. The execution was a most successful one, it being only 11½ minutes after the trap was sprung until the unfortunate man was pronounced dead by Drs. Rowles, Wagenhals and Jones. The neck of Paul was found to be broken, so that death was painless. His body was shipped to Manchester and given a decent burial by his sister.

The crime for which Paul gave his life was the murder of his father-in-law, Joseph Yockey, a highly respected farmer, 60 years of age, who resided in Brown county. The direct cause of the murder of Yockey by Paul was caused by Yockey filing a warrant for the arrest of Paul, whom he charged with the downfall of his 16-year-old daughter, who had been living with Paul and taking care of his wife. Paul and the old man had bitter words over the shame brought on the child and family. Hearing of the warrants that were issued for his arrest, Paul became crazed with indignation, and calling Mr. Yockey to the door on the fatal evening, without warning sent a ball from his revolver through the old man's heart. After several days' absence he returned to the scene of the tragedy and surrendered to the sheriff. The board of pardons and Governor Bushnell were appealed to, but refused clemency, and William Paul was executed as above stated.

## FRANK MILLER

LAUGHS IN THE

### FACE OF DEATH.

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**S**HORTLY after midnight, September 3d, 1897, Frank Miller paid the penalty for taking the life of Mrs. Saluda Miller on the evening of March 29th, same year. He seemed to have no human feeling and died more like a brute than a man. He laughed in the face of his horrible death which was instantaneous. Seventeen hundred volts of electricity were used in his execution.

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## Hundreds of Morbid Sight-seers

TRY TO SEE THE

### LIFE OF ALBERT FRANTZ

SNAPPED OUT.

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**A**T exactly 12:22 A. M., November 19th, 1897. Albert Frantz was electrocuted in the Ohio Penitentiary Annex. Hundreds of anxious sight-seers crowded the little room where the electrocution took place, and great crowds were left on the outside unable to gain admittance. Frantz died game; he murdered his sweetheart, Bessie Little, in Dayton, Ohio, August 27th, 1896.

## SIX TIMES APPLIED !

The Electric Current Fails To Kill

### FRANK EARLY

Until the Sixth Application.

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**F**RANK EARLY was electrocuted early on the morning of May 14th, 1898. He murdered his wife on the morning of October 10th, 1897. Owing to some unforeseen power, his death was difficult to accomplish by the lightning route, and two thousand volts were required to finish his unhappy and unprofitable life. He was nerry to the last.

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## A COLORED MURDERER DIES GAME.

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**C**HARLES NELSON died from the effects of the first electric current on the morning of November 4th, 1898. He was anxious to be electrocuted and died seemingly happy. Nelson murdered James Zimmerman June 8th, 1898. It was a cool, calculated murder for money, and Nelson only received what he deserved in his ignominious death.

## IRA MARLATT.

### The Prison Demon.



IRA MARLATT.

To say that this man is an unsolved puzzle, simply puts the matter in so mild a form that we scarcely comprehend it. He is serving a life sentence from Columbian county for murder, though he claims that he is suffering innocently, and only took a life to save his own. He is not crazy, neither is he sane; nor is he a monomaniac, unless the one insane idea of killing some one

might be his monomania. He is constantly in trouble, and is seldom good. He has assaulted at least half a dozen officers, guards and prisoners with his self-made wire dirks, thoroughly wicked and dangerous little weapons, made of wire which he manages to get somehow. Marlatt is the only prisoner in the Ohio Penitentiary who has been honored with a cell made to order. This cell is in the basement of the new hospital, where he is confined all the time. It seems that he cares nothing for punishment, and would be pleased if some one would snuff out his very unprofitable and unsatisfactory life. It is the belief of the writer that he should be placed in an asylum for the insane and given a treatment for his disease—at least, he is not a fit subject to have in the Ohio Penitentiary.







**The Horror of  
Female Department**



**MOSE ALLEN  
The O'Possum Fiend**





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